

1491. d. 33.

ETHIC EPISTLES
TO THE
EARL OF CARNARVON,
ON
THE MIND.



ETHIC EPISTLES

TO THE
EARL OF CARNARVON,
ON

THE MIND
AND ITS OPERATIONS,
AS BEARING GENERALLY ON THE EVENTS OF
THE WORLD,

PARTICULARLY ON THOSE
OF FRANCE.

With an APOLOGY to the PUBLIC.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1793.

Da veniam Scriptis, quorum non Gloria nobis
Causa, sed Utilitas, Officiumque fuit.

OVID.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR T. CADELL, IN THE STRAND,

MDCCXCIV.

ETHNIC EPISTLES

TO THE

EARL OF CLARINAVON

ON

THE MIND

AND ITS OPERATIONS

AS BEARING GENERALLY ON THE EVENTS OF



OF A N C E

WAS AN APOLOGY FOR THE

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1794

By the Rev. John G. ...
Class, Ed. ...

Over

LONDON

PRINTED BY ...

CONTENTS.

APOLGY.

EPISTLE I.
THE NATURE OF THE MIND.

EPISTLE II.
THE IMITATION OF THE MIND.

EPISTLE III.
THE SUBORDINATION OF THE MIND.

EPISTLE IV.
THE INFLUENCE OF THE MIND.

EPISTLE V.

THE INDEPENDENCE OF THE MIND.

EPISTLE VI.

THE EDUCATION OF THE MIND.

EPISTLE VII.

THE PRINCIPLES OF THE MIND.

EPISTLE VIII.

THE KNOWLEDGE OF THE MIND.

EPISTLE IX.

THE PERFECTION OF THE MIND—

CONCLUSION.



A P O L O G Y.

— Ego utrum

Nave ferar magnâ an parvâ, ferar unus et idem,
Non agimur tumidis velis aquilone secundo,
Non tamen adversis ætatem ducimus austris.
Viribus, Ingenio, Specie, Virtute, Loco, Re,
Extremi primorum, extremis usque priores.

HOR.

WH Y bursts the dream of Fame upon our rest?

“The quiet only are the truly blest.”

The rising waves that once their banks forsake,
Through deserts wander, or on mountains break ;
So late the shepherd's joy, but now his fear,
Now distant wish'd, so late rejoic'd in near ;
Now quickly shun'd, that once were fondly sought,
Destruction bringing that refreshment brought,

B

They sweep together in one common fall
 Beasts with their burdens, workmen, works and all;
 To one perdition all around them send,
 In their own fate till their own fury end;
 'Till of the pow'r they late acquir'd bereft;
 And lost for ever to the course they left,
 In trackless impotence subside at length,
 Spent by their force, and wasted by their strength.
 While the still stream that works its silent way
 Midst fields made fertile and thro' banks made gay,
 Glides smoothly onward to the latest day.
 No check sustains, no rude commotion feels,
 But to the plains around its plenty deals:
 The fruits its influence own where'er it goes,
 Thrive by its aid, and flourish as it flows.
 Constant its course, and fertile is its power,
 Each herb to nourish, and to feed each flow'r:
 If to the Nile's one annual tide unknown,
 That rising richness Egypt boasts alone,
 Unknown to all its interval of dearth,
 Now far above, now far beneath, its worth;
 If ne'er like that it mounts with hasty strides,
 It ne'er like that in poverty subsides.

So fares the mind, that once its level leaves,
 The heart that once at *P*'s far prospect heaves;



The bubble fame which crowds in vain pursue,
Which out of reach were better out of view,
That restless thousands vain an anxious watch,
That caught would only vanish at the catch,
Uncaught but leads its follow'rs thro' the path
Of Hope unfed to disappointed wrath
Fame is the Poet's meretricious jilt,
For whom his ink (the poet's blood) is spilt,
The Venus of a whole ambitious crowd,
Who woo a goddess, but who grasp a cloud.
So fares Ambition, such th' Icarian fate,
Of flights too lofty and designs too great ;
Such the calm pleasures of the mod'rate mind
By lower hopes, more modest bounds confin'd ;
Those humbler duties to perform content
That reason order'd, and that nature meant ;
If by ambition's prosp'rous gales o'er past,
So, unmolested by its adverse blast,
Unruffled passing thro' the vale of life,
Void of its fame, but free too from its strife.

Above the middle way who vainly goes
Will lower sink than whence too bold he rose ;
In his ascent, like the projected ball,
Will gain but strength to make him farther fall.

“Th’ attempt without the deed confounds him quite.”

How many wrong in it for one that’s right!

Attempted and yet unattained fame

Has no alternative at all but shame.

’Tis with the Bard’s own fate, as with his lays,

There is no mean—all ridicule or praise.

By striving to be more, less happy made,

The substance loses catching at the shade:

Nor doom’d alone to speculative strife,

But lost to all the real good of life.

Were it not thus mislaid, he’d chance a heart

Fram’d to have acted Nature’s noblest part;

Were it not thus diverted, had a mind

Form’d for the best emotions of his kind;

Were it not thus distracted, had a sense

To know the good, and virtue to dispense.

Friendship’s warm welcome he had else possess’d,

With Love’s embraces he had else been blest,

The social virtues favourable found,

And all Humanity’s soft influence own’d;

Had known what blessings are prepar’d for each,

What raptures are within the meanest reach,

What double joys the virtuous only have,

And felt a pleasure equal that he gave!

But these and all life's other genuine joys
 He barter'd blindly for its empty toys;
 Nature's true good lost for a fancied name,
 The treasure Peace gave for the feather Fame;
 Chang'd, like the Indian, his rich pearl away
 For the vain, specious bauble of a day.
 Still happy had he not ambitious grown,
 For ever blest had he that blessing known.
 'Twas not in him perchance the want, but waste,
 Of faculties, affections, feeling, taste,
 That made him all the blessings of repose,
 For all the curses of contention lose,
 And to fill up his sum of mis'ry most,
 Remain'd to make him feel what he had lost.
 In vain would he retreat to it, in vain
 The level that he left would he regain:
 Failing, the future fame he sought to find,
 Cut off from all the former peace of mind,
 With neither present joy nor future hope,
 A morbid, melancholy, Misanthrope,
 In sullen sadness from the world retires,
 And lives an outcast, or a wretch expires.

But if the waters to no torrent rise,
 Nor leave the earth to dash into the skies;

Yet should they not, too low, to nothing sink,
Nor fix'd in noxious vapour stagnant stink;
If not like Anfidus to know no rest,
Not like Pontina stand a putrid pest;
But still to keep with moderate middle course,
Ease without weakness, without ravage force.
So may the mind, although not soar too high,
Yet not inactive quite and useless lie.
If on the wings of fame not strive to ride,
Not with the lazy limbs of sloth subside.
With no extreme can we be truly blest,
Excess of motion, or excess of rest;
This to perdition hurries us away,
And that as bad destroys us by delay.
May we in mind and body shun them both,
By work not wearied, nor seduc'd by sloth!
Be neither on the sea of troubles tost,
Nor on the calm's insidious sand be lost!
If we must sink, more natural 'tis, we own,
Struggling to swim, than calmly to go down.

The Bard* who cried, enrapt in future fame,
What shall I do to gain myself a name?

* Cowley.

Made sure a dang'rous though a happy choice,
In fondly list'ning to the Muse's voice:
Too oft that voice with fyren sweetnefs fraught,
Is with no less than fyren danger sought.
The voice he heard was full, distinct, and clear,
Not like the sound that thousands think they hear,
Who having taught themselves the flattering tale,
Are left at length its falshood to bewail,
Believe the lie that they themselves have told,
And their own pride for praise of others hold.
As the lone trav'ller is each step afraid
'Tis the thief's noise that he himself hath made;
Themselves the trump of their own fame they sound,
And think they hear it echoed all around.
'Tis they the pebble to the stream that throw,
From which the distant circling eddies grow,
They the fugacious centre form from whence
Follows the fleeting, fair, circumference.
They raise a hope, and fancy 'tis the same;
Whether from reason or from pride it came,
Take for the Muse's song, too soon mislaid,
What but in truth's the singing in their head.
For one enlighten'd crowds are falsely fir'd,
Thousands deceiv'd for one that is inspir'd.

It is with fame as with enthusiasm, all
Who follow either think they have a call.
Where one is right, what numbers in the wrong!
This raves religion, that runs mad in song.

If these its fruits, this its *orig'nal* ill,
The tree of knowledge is forbidden still—
By whom forbidden? by no Pow'r above;
The honest Muse sure Heaven must approve.
By Caution, that still checks the rising song,
And does no right for fear of doing wrong;
Base safety to bold service that prefers,
Nor wisely hazards, but securely errs;
Takes the safe side although the wrong, and cries,
“Beware of making all these enemies;
Be sparing of your satire, or who knows
You may make even Ministers your foes.
Take care, my friend, all this is very true,
But yet consider, what's all this to you?”
“Yes, 'tis to *ev'ry* man what *any* does,
And foes to all mankind are each man's foes.”
By Law, that with the wig's important wag,
Exclaims “this may be slander or scan. mag.
Though what you write were truer than the Bible,
Mansfield declares it may be still a libel.”

By Bigotry, that, as itself is blind,
 Is shock'd if others it enlighten'd find.
 By Persecution, that can never bear
 The sound of Toleration in its ear.

I am prepar'd, follow fromt rath what will,
 For all the consequence of good and ill.
 Since 'tis a maxim clearly understood,
 We cannot gratify the bad and good,
 I'll strive to gain the favour of the best,
 Indiff'rent to the censure of the rest.
 The same true Faith can never suit both you
 Blind Bigots, rational Believers too.
 The same free Politics can never strike
 The Patriot, and the Partisan alike.
 Content the foolish, factious, I offend,
 To make the wise, and honest man my friend.
 I cannot please, and could I, should be loth,
 Clubbists, and Constitutionalists both.
 Ye recreant Whigs and Tories of these days,
 Your sev'ral ends pursue your sev'ral ways,
 The Constitution, spite of all your arts,
 The people will maintain in all its parts.
 Patriots love all its parts, and Lev'lers none,
 Republicans, or Royalists, but one :

With those who basely with its change or fall,
Patriots are changelings, for they cherish all ;
If in all points our country to defend
Be change, we'll be such changelings to the end ;
Where'er the flag of liberty shall fly,
There her supporters we'll be always nigh.
At Law's, or Loyalty's, or Faith's command,
Around the Bench, the Throne, the Altar, stand.
Where'er the *foes* attack the *friends* resort—
Whether the Baron's castle, People's fort,
Or Monarch's palace, they in turn assail,
In each we're found—thus all our foes shall fail.

Secure from all these charges shall I sleep,
Bullies and bailiffs all your distance keep,
While to my peers, the public I appeal,
No danger to my *Nose*, or *Ears*, I feel.
But Criticism then whispers in our ears
Her cruel canon “ Silence of nine years,”
That self-denying ord'nance of the shelf,
To make the Poet tantalize himself,
Statute of limitation to the bard,
The longest quarantine for man prepar'd !
The purgatory of Parnassian fields—
Like Troy, Parnassus not till ten years yields.

What hold our tongues so long? prepost'rous quite,
It cannot be—confider, Ladies write.
Not like Gustavus* have I got to keep
Secrets of state, for fifty years asleep:
Just like myself, alas! my fleeting rhyme,
Must live, and die too, long before that time.
But tho' it die next moment in the street,
This first, shall never be its winding sheet;
My own desk worthy not, if not your shelf,
Between the fire, the public, and myself,
Which ill to chuse? whether you live or die,
First to the public for their option fly.
Should they approve not, 'tis at last the same,
If they, or I, consign thee to the flame—
“Tho' the world's notice thus you think it worth,
Yet send it not at least imperfect forth.
This polish, leave out that, the other mend,”
Hold, hold—Ye Hypercritics there's no end,
Ye work and work so very very fine,
Your labour leaves at last a cobweb line;
Such spider spinning may suit little eyes,
The Muse, an eagle, never catches flies.

* The late King of Sweden in his will ordered his manuscripts to be kept fifty years before published.

Besides ere that will * Orleans be no more,
As Pelletière, Marat, and crowds before.
Still by the public axe, or private steel,
Wretch after wretch successive vengeance feel,
Nay the same wretch, like magic, in a trice
The sacrificer, and the sacrifice.
Another and another still succeeds,
Day after day some *Mountain-Monster* bleeds.
'Till Jacobins themselves, their tricks and all
Long before that, or we ourselves, must fall.
I pant to join the cry, pursue the chase,
Take 'gainst the savages a forward place;
To hunt them down, be in before the death,
And help to run the monsters out of breath.
The truth I may lament, but can't conceal,
That savage against savages I feel.
There lurks sure in the nature of us all,
A cruel joy to see the cruel fall;
This the worst ill we from the wretches find,
Our heart they harden, and inflame our mind;
Indulge the bad, and almost make the good,
Against their wonted nature, relish blood.

* Written just before the Duke of Orleans was executed.

When on the best the worst of passions gain,
Who knows he shall escape the common stain?
How far he may be from himself estrang'd,
How far the noblest nature may be chang'd.
The Lion's self that once hath tasted blood,
Will never after relish harmless food,
But from his former gen'rous nature bent,
"Will flesh his tooth on ev'ry innocent."
'Tis the peculiar terror of these times,
To make us grow familiariz'd with crimes.
When knaves with knaves, with villains villains close,
We look indiff'rent on their mutual blows,
Crimes, sins, and vices, half their horrors lose.
Whene'er assassins by assassins fall,
It blunts our common feelings for them all.
Against Marat when Cordet vengeance dealt,
For him less pity, her less blame, we felt.
If the same fate thou Orleans shouldst receive,
I boast no heart so tender as to grieve.
Assassination's self grows venial thence,
And almost trammels up the consequence.
Each his own nature must in these condemn,
All must be Misanthropes who judge from them.
Fatal example! whither dost thou tend?
Where thy direct, thy mediate evils end?

If to our morals these the ills it deals,
No less its influence our religion feels.
When the bad so long triumph o'er the good,
And vice still sheds such streams of virtuous blood,
When these feel no restraint, and those no rest,
We almost doubt if all be for the best.
All that the worthy of the worthless bears
Alarms our faculties of eyes and ears,
Confirms the faithless, e'en the faithful shakes,
Believers Sceptics, Sceptics Atheists makes.
When such things are below as now we see,
We wonder Heav'n above will let them be.
With all their efforts still to kiss the rod,
It makes men cavil at the ways of God.
Yet all these things well weighed, on the reverse,
Should make men better far, instead of worse.
Could we have doubted of a God before,
We now must see, as France now feels, his pow'r;
Whose vengeance on the mortal that offends,
So justly, and so suddenly, descends.
Look throughout France, see in how short a time
He'th made their mis'ry equal to their crime.
How soon, of guilt to the eternal dread,
His judgment falleth on the guilty head.

Mark too the distribution of his law,
 At once our admiration and our awe:
 The crowd that of their duty left the track
 Deceiv'd, are undeceiv'd returning back.
 God in his mercy makes *their* evils end,
 Corrects awhile, for ever to amend—
 While the base instruments that led them on,
 Cut off in turns, all perish one by one.
 —Resume we then the tenor of our mind,
 E'en to the worst strive to be somewhat kind;
 For all the evils that thou bring'st us, still
 Thus we return thee, France, this good for ill,
 For common peace, for thy sake, and our own,
 Be thou converted, not the world undone!

O France! thou theme that might for ever last,
 For words too copious, e'en for thought too vast!
 The key once touch'd that almost turns the brain,
 The fascinating phrenzy of my strain;
 First in my heart, and foremost on my tongue;
 Scope of my speech, and burthen of my song;
 Awake, my object, and asleep, my dream—
 To all alike the universal theme,
 That in its plenitude of ill absorbs
 Of all ideas else the lesser orbs,

And in our mind reigns paramount alone,
Sensation and reflection both in one!
All our affections, our attention, draws,
Makes all enthusiasts in one common cause!
Said I not right? oh! no, alas, not all;
There are, thank Heav'n the number is but small!
Who in defiance of the most and best,
Remain alone the foes of all the rest.

How such a soul-subduing theme to treat,
Or with what weapons such new foes to meet!
Who, as with twofold arms the body strike,
The secret poniard, and the open pike,
With two-fold principles the mind invade,
And fraud and falsehood jointly lend their aid;
In hopes that one or other may prevail,
And influence flourish there, where force shall fail;
That o'er the *body* if no vict'ry gain'd,
A triumph o'er the *mind* may be obtain'd;
'Till the war lost in that, in this renew'd,
Reason's surpriz'd, and feeling is subdued;
Or both attacks succeeding, that the whole
May blast at once the body and the soul!
If thus infus'd, or thus forc'd down our throat,
What to this poison is the antidote?

As in the viper that inflicts the wound
Its remedy most surely may be found,
So we'll endeavour, in the self-same mind
Where found the bane, the antidote to find;
Will strive by principles thus rightly us'd,
To cure the ills of principles abus'd.
Since France to thy new complicated case,
Old principles and practice all give place,
In vain by these we its solution try,
Up to the Mind itself perforce we fly;
Trace what that medium of the mind may be
Where such a strange phenomenon we see,
And there discov'ring first it's simple source,
Pursue it through its complicated course—
Such is the off'ring I present to you;
That is the work I weave, and this the clue.

Why still do thousands rush to pen and ink?
But for the happiness it is to *think*.
If we confess the reason that we write,
'Tis for our own, and not the world's delight;
Selfish, not social, is the happy Bard;
And verse, like virtue, is its own reward.
Often its only too—well do your most,
Critics, the present pleasure can't be lost,
Now is my joy, whate'er my future cost.

True libertines in this, as other joys,
Will seize one moment what the next destroys.
There is a rapt'rous pride, ecstatic glow,
In Poetry, that none but Poets know;
Alike the joy howe'er unlike the rhyme,
Bombast is just as joyous as sublime;
A diff'rent cause the same effect may deal,
And poor Nat. Lee as much as Shakespear feel.
How vast the ecstasy of fertile brains,
Of verse tho' poor that comes with little pains!
Alas! who beats his head, and bites his nails,
If not of learning, yet of pleasure, fails.
Excess of thought may its own object spoil,
And daily wine do more than nightly oil.—

“ As for mere writing, no great harm there's in't,
Write what *you* please, what pleases *others* print.
The press the pill'ry of the Poet's brain,
In which once fix'd he can't get out again.
It stamps at once an ignominious name,
And holds him forth to everlasting shame.
If you will try whate'er your friends may think,
Your feather'd sail on the *Black Sea* of ink;
Why all the dangers tempt of boist'rous wit?
On the rough rock of *satire* wherefore split?

Are there not still left shepherds on the plains?
Have meadows not their milk-maids, groves their swains?
Rack not your brains, write past'als like Sir John—" "
"That I can do when all my brains are gone."
The time has been that when the brains were out,
The man would die, and there an end no doubt.
Now, with their mortal follies in their head,
They rise again, and almost write us dead.
Shenstone, praise thou thy simple men and maids,
And ne'er suspect these rascals, or those jades;
Phillipses, J—n—h—ms, your distance keep,
I'll ask your aid when I'm dispos'd to sleep.
Give me soft measure, give it me again,
A gentler yet, and yet a gentler strain,
Oh! it steals on my senses—steals them off—
And lulls my mind, as opium lulls my cough.

"If the pastoral reed you despise of old Pan,
Try what you can do after Anstey's new plan,"
No Peter, with even all thy wit and banter,
Parnassus is not to be gain'd in a canter.
Whether Hayley thy heroes are laughing or weeping,
The fact I confess, that I cannot help sleeping;
I must own, though it may be poetical treason;
Plays all in rhyme seem to be out of all reason:

My bad taste it may be, sure they can't be bad verses
 That Hayley composes, and Coleman rehearſes,
 So eaſy, ſo empty, ſo flimſy, ſo long—
 The firſt ſymptom that ſomething in Coleman was
 wrong.

Serena's other virtues we adore;
 Her patience, beyond all enduring, more.
 'Twas not enough that ſhe was mild as air,
 As ſoft as filk, as alabaſter fair;
 She keeps her temper fix long cantos through.
 —It's more than any of her readers do.
 Romney, you took a wond'rous deal of pains,
 In gratitude to your own * author's ſtrains;
 I could have put you in a ſhorter way
 To give Serena's picture in one trait,
 As there is nothing mark'd in her to trace,
 To leave, like Sterne, your canvas empty ſpace.

If thus enjoin'd, “ here may you go, or there,
 This theme is proper, or that ſubject fair.
 Purſue the little, let alone the great,
 And never meddle with affairs of ſtate.”
 I humbly thank you, but you turn my view
 From juſt where lies the game that I purſue,

* Alluding to his “ Epistle to an eminent Painter” Mr. Romney, who has painted Serena.

There are the crimes, and *there* the vices swarm,
Those are the evils do the world such harm.
When thus forbidden thither to resort,
The fairest fields for Satire's lawful sport;
'Tis as my friend, whose leave I had desir'd
To sport upon his manor, thus requir'd,
" Sport if you please, I only beg you spare
By all means pheasant, partridge, rail and hare;
With this restriction only you may kill
Larks, blackbirds, or whatever else you will."
In satire, as in sporting, 'tis the same,
We seize the nobler, spare the smaller game:
I scorn the harmless, helpless, to assault,
To start a foible, or run down a fault;
No, I will point my satire's keenest steel
Against the wretch that makes a nation feel.
Watch the great villain with a lynx's eye,
But pass unseen the petty culprit by.
My arm among the rest shall break a lance
Against the more than sev'nfold shield of France.
How strong foe'er that shield, that foe how fierce,
Some one amongst them all may chance to pierce.
Unlike that shield on Rome from Heav'n that fell,
This must to France have risen sure from Hell,

Which rear'd by treason, and maintain'd by blood,
Hath made all enemies, and all withstood;
Which those who brandish, by its aid have hurl'd
Defiance and destruction to the world.
Which still protects in all its crimes avow'd
The many-headed monster of the crowd;
Worse than all monsters else the world e'er knew,
Than all that Cadmus, all that Theseus slew.
May fate that rais'd this monster up in Gaul,
Raise up some hand by which it soon may fall!
Here all ye heroes try your arts and arms,
To rid mankind from this new monster's harms.
That where a Francis, and a Fred'ric fail,
A Cobourg, Brunswick, Moira, may prevail.

Far be from me perversely to distort
The fair tribunal of the Muse's court,
The petty pilf'rer to the lash to give,
But at the grander criminal connive.
Is this poetic justice? can we call
These equal laws, not dealt alike to all?
Me never shall the rude, ungen'rous Muse
To all her malice, all her mischief, use,
To call down, in her wanton, wicked rule,
On private foibles public ridicule.

How couldst thou Churchill blot thine else bright page
With thy once friend's infirmities of age?
Nature's own ills in Hogarth counting o'er,
To add to all his miseries that one more.
The gen'rous heart that wars not with the *dead*,
To some compassion for the *dying's* led.
And worse revenge to Hogarth Churchill dealt,
Than even Zanga 'gainst Alonzo felt.
In this much more, in nothing less, a foe,
For, Hogarth, Churchill's vengeance kill'd thee too.
Where Foote thy gratitude to poor Apreece,
For all his favours to destroy his peace?
Where was thy shame, if thou couldst feel a shame,
Guilty thyself of crimes without a name.
P— —, to thee and malice such as thine
The *lev'lling Muse* I readily resign—
And yet no lev'lling still, but partial Muse,
That 'gainst the great and good you chiefly use.
The bad still cautious never to offend,
Of ev'ry Jacobin the constant friend.
What joy to batten on some friend's defect!
For blame some benefactor to select!
And where no crime of heart in A—t—n find,
To mark or make some foible of his mind.

Serpent to sting the hand that set thee free,
To wound the breast that once had foster'd thee *!
I tell thee, A—t—n had, whoe'er thou art,
A head as much beyond thee, as a heart!
Yet A—t—n had a fault, a great one too—
It was in harb'ring such a wretch as you.
If loth with crimes to fill my page, I scorn
With foibles, frailties, follies to adorn—
The Cit for me in peace may smoke his pipe,
The Journeyman enjoy cow-heel and tripe;
The smart Apprentice revel with his spouse,
At Bagnigge-Wells, or at White-Conduit House.
The Milliner delighted with her spark,
May take her Sunday's ramble in the Park.
I never meet them on their joyous way
But wish them heartily a happy day,
On a wet holiday but see with pain
Their clothes, and comforts, spoil'd alike by rain.
Of wit though such the hapless want or waste,
Of ill conceiv'd, or ill rewarded taste;
Though such the self-fought mis'ries of the mind,
Such the hard fate unhappy Poets find :

* This supposed author of the "Jockey Club" was with that good nature which he now abuses, relieved and protected from gaol in the house of Sir W. A.

Contemporary envy, malice, pride,
And all uncharitableness beside :
Still tow'rds th' attractive fire of fancied fame
We fly, as moths keep hov'ring round the flame ;
To pain that lures us in the form of joy,
And fascinates us only to destroy ;
Till on the wings of too advent'rous lays
We seek its bright, but find its burning, rays ;
Heedless that thus the falsely glitt'ring line
May die for ever, for a moment shine.
As fire of heav'n, and earth, not felt the same,
Alas ! so differs false, from real, fame ;
While these unhurt bask in the genuine sun,
Those burn that only to the taper run.
In both, the borrow'd, than the genuine, light
Shines more destructive far, tho' far less bright.
Thus must I brave the danger, come what will,
Since 'tis my nature never to be still.
For me, alas ! the last of all mankind,
'This quintessence of quiet was design'd.
And as perforce I seize on pen and ink,
So can I write with it but what I think.
With fear of Orleans shall I hold my hand ?
I am content to fall if Orleans stand.

With fear of nought but God before my eyes,
Of none that truth may make my enemies,
Here do I give my literary creed,
By cath'lic criticism of all agreed,
That public characters of public men
Are the fit subjects for the public pen.
This the sole tax they pay us, well they may,
For all the taxes that they make us pay!

Authors are public men—that's all who're read,
The rest still-born, or prematurely dead.
With other candidates for public fame,
Must, as they hope for praise, submit to blame;
Like dramatists, the world their house well cramm'd,
Hope to be fav'd, but hazard being damn'd.
The stock of letters is a commonweal,
Wherein we may do any thing but steal.
There are who steal indeed, and still worse do,
Who not content with stealing—murder too—
I am prepar'd faults fairly found to mend,
Renounce the error, or the truth defend.
If I take freedom with another's line,
He's welcome to take just the same with mine.
Give and receive must all in turn that sing,
Happy who give as good as others bring!

The pen our two-edg'd sword, we cut and slash,
Push, parry, hit for hit, and — for —
Critics intrench'd in garrets are our foes,
Who fire on us, but not themselves expose.
Corsairs that take advantage of our broils,
And foes to both sides live on either's spoils:
Wretches who censure what they cannot do,
Like Indians kill, but dare not fight, the foe.
Come down, contend with us upon the sand,
And let us fairly combat hand to hand,
Or else the wretch our character undoes,
And has in turn no character to lose.
Although no rule, yet rarely can we tell
How others do, unless we do as well.
In judging as in writing both 'tis so—
“What can we reason but from what we know?”
Who most approach the wit, judge it most right,
So Shakespear never could be judg'd of quite.
Critics should sure be authors too, should still
Have some themselves to value others skill.
From Bards to Boxers, throughout ev'ry art
Known masters best perform the umpire's part.
From Zoilus to Kenrick all are known,
Harshly to judge of wit they ne'er have shewn.

They quarter give, who quarter look to find,
" A fellow-feeling makes one wond'rous kind."
The drummers whose own backs have borne the lash,
Will have some mercy while they others lash.
The real Poet like the truly brave,
A brother Poet in distress will save.
Thus who corrects and not confounds our rhyme,
May teach us to improve another time,
At least remembers folly is no crime.

The world of letters I a lott'ry feel,
Fame the great prize that's lodg'd in Fortune's wheel.
Aware how little is my chance to win,
This is the ticket that I venture in,
For all beyond the common fate of blanks,
As so much gain prepar'd to render thanks—
Why more defence? for the satyric Muse
There's too much *cause* to need the least *excuse*.
When guilt shall stalk abroad unlash'd by rhyme,
Silence is but misprision of the crime.
Who where he can the vicious not retrieves,
Is accessory to the vice he leaves,
And all that Bards against the bad can do,
Is not a right alone, a *duty* too.
If I'm accus'd of ought in Bards unjust,
plead not guilty, in the conscious trust

That hon'rably acquitted of the charge,
I'm in the realm of letters left at large.
—If honest fail I scorn all other ways,
To bully, bribe, or flatter, into praise :
Thus much I've said to gain the fair report
Of critic judges, and the public court ;
To you my little treasure I impart,
Child of my brain, and darling of my heart ;
Unable to myself to keep it more,
Anxious I lay it at the public door.
By your adoption with more chance to thrive
Than by its parentage from me to live.
If you but father it, and give it name,
A foster-mother shall it find in Fame.
Oh ! may she not a harsh step-mother prove,
To slight the offspring that she cannot love !
Nor wonder I awhile my shame conceal,
For what now hid, I sometime may reveal,
May sometime, if it thrive where it is gone,
Although not take it, claim it as my own.
—As other foundlings to expose 'tis rare,
Without a scrip commending them to care,
To you and to your honours, I dismiss
My nameless offspring here, and with it—

—This—

EPISTLE I.

A R G U M E N T.

Address, conveying the general subject—Rarity of a truly philosophic Mind—MAN—Differently defin'd—His Materialism exploded—His character illustrated by scenic representation—By the laws of nature—Gregarious, social, assimilating, imitative—ORIGINALITY, apostrophe to—Necessarily inimitable—Rare examples of first rate Genius—Enquiry into the present existence of it—Character of Dr. Johnson—Search after it through the different countries of the world, which are shortly characterized—Still a desideratum—Second rate Genius respectable—Examples of—Result.

EPISTLE I.

NATURE OF THE MIND.

———conscia Mentis
Littera——— OVID.

BEAR me, CARNARVON, nor disdain awhile
On talents far less than thine own to smile ;
What the pure judge alone might else neglect,
The friend and critic jointly may respect,
May deem it, though beneath thy perfect taste,
Of time and talents such as mine no waste.
Bear me, while with the mind's own eye I trace
The other features that her figure grace ;
While to herself the mind the mirror holds,
To her own view, and yours, her form unfolds :
Nor in that view alone *her* image found,
But with herself she sees all else around ;

While with the same *reflection* of her thought
Herself and others are before her brought.
Sure the first subject that can int'rest man
Is this by which all others he may scan !
May she turn boldly to the faithful glass,
O'erlook no beauty, and no blemish pass ;
Nor backward shrink at her own self dismay'd,
Of her own image, like the child, afraid,
And like the child too, still affrighted most,
Through mazes wand'ring, or in darkness lost,
'Till fearful of each sound she finds or makes,
Dreads her own thoughts, at her own shadow shakes ;
While the poor victim of his own surmise
Neither quite opens, nor quite shuts his eyes ;
Knows not to leave, nor to encourage dares,
The hope he catches, with the fear he shares ;
Half hope, half fear, in doubt together blends,
Begins a coward, and a sceptic ends :
Did he not look so far, or farther, thence
More blest in ign'rance quite, or quite in sense ;
Did he enjoy all wisdom, or else none,
And perfect faith, or perfect reason, own :
Either enlighten'd quite, or else quite blind,
He'd found a happier as a better mind.

Through fear or folly, thus we oft keep down
 By others' thoughts the efforts of our own;
 And that, which thinking right or wrong we call,
 In most men is but thinking not at all.
 Nature ordains, it may be for the best,
 A few of you should judge for all the rest.
 Between the two I'll strive to find the link,
 If not for others, for myself, to think;
 Or when of any man I borrow thought,
 From thy redundant source may it be brought,
 Who first instructed my school-fetter'd mind
 Her proper strength, however small, to find,
 And though neglecting not the classic shelf,
 To make her yet the mistress of herself.

Take, Cynic, take thy lanthorn now to find
 A man of truly philosophic mind:
 When found the great *Eugenia* loud proclaim,
 And tell the world if Herbert's not his name.
 What though with many an undiscerning ass
 Thy warmth for rage, thy zeal for passion pass:
 To those who judge men are what they appear
 And those *alone*, may Herbert seem severe;
 But those who know you, which is all your care,
 Know what you are not, and know what you are;

Know that, when stripp'd of ev'ry outside vest,
A gentler heart dwells not in nobler breast :
Know that was rarely yet in human head
A clearer judgment, brighter genius bred—
Something too much of this——return my lays,
And thy reserve grant pardon to my praise!

Man as a mere machine has been defin'd,
With but the slight omission of his Mind,
Some diff'rence this 'twixt mechanism and Man,
Materialists may solve it if they can.
Some fancy an automaton he's prov'd,
Though most by *others*, not *themselves*, are mov'd :
Between the two extremes, as oft is seen,
Man may be truly said to form the mean ;
A speaking puppet push'd by others on,
More than machine, less than automaton :
The old comedians like, of whom some found
The gestures, to which others gave the sound.
Hence the resemblance may be plainly trac'd,
In one the action, one the diction plac'd ;
Another head gives motion to his hands,
Using no sense, a mimic mere he stands.
“ The World's a Stage ” then well doth Shakespear say,
The piece between a puppet-shew and play,

In which he most and best directs the springs,
 Moves of our head and heart the secret strings:
 A speaking pantomime, the plot where plain,
 And the same parts play'd o'er and o'er again.
 One leader, Harlequin conducts the crew,
 Whom Lover, Pierrot, Pantaloon, pursue.
 These, with the moving mob that form the rest,
 His dupes, admirers, ridicule, and jest.
 To keep the likeness, oftner too than not
 Some mistress is the object of the plot:
 'Till trick'd, deceiv'd, deluded, blinded, all,
 With many a hard rebuff, and many a fall,
 While we ridiculously follow him,
 Perhaps our leader's led himself by whim;
 Whether we're led then, 'tis at best a chance,
 A prudent progress, or a foolish dance.
 Mostly a wild-goose chase, a motley stuff,
 "Follow the leader" 'twixt, and "blindman's buff;"
 Thus the same pastime that the boy began,
 Is still hereafter too the game of Man.

As Nature all her parts by mutual laws
 To each, and to one common centre, draws;
 In human kind so to one social end,
 And to each other all its members tend.

While what in that is gravitation own'd,
 In this subordination will be found.
 When to each other diff'rent props incline,
 But deviate all from gravitation's line;
 That central force which jointly holds them all,
 Would make them each, once separated, fall.
 So sep'rate man from man, or join their aid,
 Either their failure or support's convey'd.
 Man of himself is nothing, all derives
 Through God above from those with whom he lives.
 Rousseau, thy fatal error thence is shewn,
 Who judge of social man as man alone.
 Gregarious, he no separation knows,
 Together we must meet as friends or foes;
 Must all, save here a genius, there a dunce,
 Assemble, and assimilate at once.
 As we together, we alike, advance,
 Social as here, or savage as in France.
 Philosophers ye're sure mistaken all,
 Who savage, social, civil, man miscall;
 Perforce gregarious only, doubtful still,
 If when so flock'd together, good or ill;
 A congregation, whether foul or fair,
 Of good or evil spirits, be our care.

In morals, manners, customs, all the rest,
 Uncertain as in colour, size, or vest.
 Till ascertain'd by whom or what they're led,
 We cannot judge of either heart or head.
 As well or ill conducted, foes or friends,
 Now almost angels, and now almost fiends.
 All that we know is, Influence rules the whole,
 Directs the body and commands the soul.
 Influence of God on man still makes the best,
 Influence of man on man makes all the rest.
 Here is the scope to which our reason tends,
 Our speculation here begins and ends—
 That God's the cause, that Influence is the mean,
 That the effect Subordination's seen,
 We know, but why or how remains involv'd,
 To be—or is it not to be resolv'd?

Define, divide, describe him as you can,
 An imitative animal is man.
 How diff'rent else-foe'er, from first to last
 Through imitation all alike have past.
 Copyers of Nature merely are the best,
 A copy of a copy all the rest;
 To all the faults of every copyist known,
 From those of others downward to their own;

Errors on errors faithfully preserv'd,
Till the last wonders from the first how swerv'd ;
And having done at length with head and heart,
Tir'd Nature groans beneath the load of art.

Originality ! how can I hope,
Thy vast expanse to subject to my scope ?
We should possess thee sure to know thee well,
Should feel thy virtues ere presume to tell.
Beyond the reach of art, above the school,
The genius cannot give thee to the fool.
Nor taught, nor teaching, independent thou
No foll'wer, as no leader, dost allow.
Associates with thee like thee must be free,
The vot'ry and the God must equal be.
Thy genuine fire that self-enlighten'd glows,
Inimitable from its nature grows.
Could we to imitate thee once be known,
Thy copy, it must cease to be our own.
Art may resemble nature as you please,
But *like* it only, must to *be* it cease.
Strange contradiction in the head and heart,
To strive to be original by art !
In vain ye servile imitators aim
To rival Shakespear's, Sterne's or Milton's fame.

Could ye resemble them in all beside,
This one vast difference must your bounds divide,
Can ye resemble those in this alone,
Whose essence is, that they resemble none?
As ye in other things grow like them most,
Just so in *this* your likeness must be lost.
Nature its sep'rate bounds to each allows,
To copy these, and to be copied those.
Where one Invention owns, a thousand earn
Wit to compare, or judgment to discern;
Genius to few, to many taste she grants,
Each have their several worth, their several wants.
How like foe'er, their bound'ries still they know,
As ne'er the shadow can the substance grow.
The Moon that of the Sun her light receives,
Not her own rays, but its reflection gives,
Ne'er *her* cold light to *its* warm lustre turns,
She like it shines alone, not like it burns.
Since Thou art all that's excellent, that's new,
Ingenious, genuine, strong, sublime, and true;
Thus in thine essence, quintessence, defin'd,
Thy feat was never in the human mind.
When thus describ'd, with Solomon we own,
That nothing new beneath the sun is known;

With this extension, these perfections all,
God is himself the sole Original.
With what an interval on earth must live,
Those next to him from him who most derive.
Hopeless thine inspiration e'er to feel,
The warmth I find not how shall I reveal?
Still may I to my humble canvass bring
The shade, though not the substance, of the thing;
With faithful pen pourtray thy striking mien
By admiration as in others seen:
Or as by contrast likeness is convey'd,
Shall I, to aid my light, condense my shade?
Strive by the foil the diamond more to grace,
By the fool-opposite the genius trace?
No, 'tis more plain, as well as pleasant too,
To hold a genius than a dunce to view.
With all their diff'rence 'tis no easier done,
To paint an image, than to paint a Sun.

Not taught alone to *speake*, but *think*, the throng
Are parrots in their mind, as well as tongue.
A few originals point out the way,
While foll'wing crowds implicitly obey.
In these, the image of their Maker's mind,
In those, but of his outward form, we find.

One great commanding Genius of the Time,
 Like one bright Sun, pervades the common clime.
 Moses, Confucius, Mahomet, prevails,
 And Solon follows as Lycurgus fails.
 A Homer on Parnassus sits in state,
 For e'en a Virgil's self to imitate.
 A Plato now, and now a Bacon reigns,
 Supreme controullers o'er a world of brains:
 A Galileo on a sphere throws light,
 Whence you, Copernicus, a world set right;
 A Shakespear holds up Man to Man's own view,
 O'er old creations rules, and forges new;
 A Newton next, and next a Locke gives law,
 Which millions follow with obsequious awe:
 Linneus last, not least, assumes the nod,
 And reigns o'er Nature next to Nature's God.

Who next, and from what country shall he come,
 To make more way tow'ards our Millenium?
 It had been Johnson, did he not offend
 With all his strength such weakness still to blend:
 Had not the Bigot's prejudice destroy'd
 Those charms the mighty Moralist employ'd;
 Had he in all his store the farther sense
 His superstition to have banish'd thence.

Could it be thought that he, to reason lost,
Who wrote the Rambler, laid the Cock-Lane Ghost?
That he ungrateful to contempt consign'd
A gen'rous race to all, to him most kind?
This is a maxim drawn from Nature's school,
Who hates a Nation is so far a fool:
Th'insulter and insulted had their due,
The Scotch thence lost no character but *you*.
Why find we in thy garbled classic list
Hughes, Pomfret, Blackmore, Smith, while Churchill's
 miss'd,
For Johnson's vengeance what was Churchill's sin?
You left him *out*—because he brought you *in*.
'Twas not the Critic's judgment, but his grudge,
Not Johnson, but Pomposo, there was judge:
Could not the Bard forgive a greater Bard?
Could he not, blind or envious, Gray have spar'd?
Or could the mean unequal rival dare,
Of Milton's sacred head to touch a hair?
But for these faults, Johnson how great thy name!
How near escape hadst thou from perfect fame!
How strange in the same motley man to find
The wisest, wittiest, weakest of mankind!
Peace to their manes, Johnson, and to thine,
'To both were due this monumental line!

Where turn, I say, for a succeeding Seer?
He does not e'en in Britain yet appear:
Search Europe, Asia, all the world around,
The great Desideratum is not found.
Search both Americas, both Indies too,
Or go through China, if they'll let you go;
Whate'er M'Cartney carries out, alack!
I do not think he'll bring this treasure back.
Much though we hear, and wond'rous too from Bruce,
This wonder Nubia's self doth not produce,
We cannot yet discover its advance—
'Tis not amongst the *Equalists* of France.
(Critics forgive, and Croft adopt the word,
For new ideas must new terms be heard)
Not all her D'Alemberts, Voltaires, Rousseaus,
Paines, Fayette's, Petions, Neckers, Mirabeaus,
All put together, and in one combin'd,
Form one grand genius, or one great good mind.
Amongst thy Bigots, Portugal, in vain
We search, or thy Inquisitors, O Spain!
Thy Persecutors, Rome! to find, what hopes,
The first of Men, before the last of Popes?
Throughout the Southern Isles in vain we look,
Amongst Barbarians who could murder Cook.

Amongst the Slaves of Turkey or Peru,
Or Russia thy Slaves and Barbarians too.
From Germany not likely to come forth,
'Mongst those still Goths and Vandals of the North.—
In short, it is not giv'n to Man below
Those future Suns of future times to know,
Who shall succeed in ages yet unborn
To make the world's bright Ev'ning like its Morn.

These follow Nature, and we follow these,
In various modes and different degrees.
These are her Oracles, her Priests are those
Who to the world these oracles disclose,
A Pope, Swift, Dryden, or in short the sage
Of almost ev'ry country, ev'ry age.
Where one receives from these direct command,
How many take from those at second hand!
From Pope, who Bolingbroke his master robs
Of what he stole from Shaftesbury or Hobbes,
How many servile imitators fail
In vain attempts his talents to retail!
His rules while Boileau but from Horace earns,
Of him how many a little Critic learns.
Like Addison where one prime copyist found;
Of him how many copyists there abound!

Like Sheridan where one to Congreve soars,
There are Sir Fretful Plagiarys by scores,
Where one Erasmus has himself recourse
To the first Vulgate's antient, genuine source;
Whole hosts of followers, with each his whim,
Ill copy others who ill copy him;
Versions of versions so at length perplex,
The comment grows more copious than the text.
Where one authentic Warburton we hear,
What crowds of Warburtonians thence appear;
While he from Moses only deigns to take,
From him how many their religion rake!
Like Hume where one Historian truly seen,
From him how many their recitals glean!
While he from antient sceptics seeks his doubt,
At second hand how many deal it out!
Neglect his Hist'ry, with perverted brain,
But carefully his Scepticism retain;
Like leeches that indulge in noxious food,
Reject the wholesome, suck the vicious blood.
Thus one of pure research where'er we find,
How many follow more and more behind!
As thou Orig'nal Genius art the Sun
From whom hath all our mental fire begun,

The luminaries next to thee most bright,
Thy moons, reflect thy secondary light.
By diff'rent distances, directions, blest
Only thy common rays are all the rest.
If that great Sun with beams direct now glow
To warm and lighten all the parts below,
So now as more and more oblique the ray,
Less and less felt it's lustre dies away ;
From its prime, vertical, meridian course
Sinks by degrees and loses all its force ;
Reflected and refracted o'er and o'er
Exists in air, but shines on earth no more ;
While the pure ray with the gross medium blends,
Begins with ardour, but with languor ends,
No light, but darkness visible at length
Confounded grows in substance, chang'd in strength,
With clouds and vapours mixt, no longer clear,
From Heaven's sun, becomes Earth's atmosphere !
As in the nat'ral, so the mental world,
Genius, the Mind's bright sun, is downward hurl'd,
The Emanation that in God began,
Declines and sets in all thy dulness, Man.

END OF EPISTLE I.

EPISTLE II.

THE IMITATION OF THE LORD.

A R C U M E N T.

EPISTLE II.

E

The luminaries next to thee most bright,
Thy moons, reflect thy secondary light.
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Only thy common rays are all the rest.
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To warm and lighten all the parts below,
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As in the nat'ral, so the mental world,
Genius, the Mind's bright sun, is downward hurl'd,
The Emanation that in God began,
Declines and sets in all thy dulness, Man.

END OF EPISTLE I.

EPISTLE II.

E

A R G U M E N T.

Next to Originals, good Imitations scarce and valuable—Illustrated from Nature—Gradation incident to all animals—Equality absurd—Modern Philosophy of France—The ancient preferred—Ironical French characters—Marat—Epitaph on—The New LIGHT ridiculed—Exploded from Nature—Gross fallacy of it—Pernicious consequences of it, to the world in general, especially to its followers—Metaphysics—Gross particulars in general Religion impious—Favouring Materialism—PARTICULARISTS in it reprobated—An Anecdote to expose them—Return to Imitation—its degrees—Inferior classes of Imitators—Eminent character of one—Conclusion.

EPISTLE II.

THE IMITATION OF THE MIND.

O! Imitatores, servum pecus!

HOR.

NEXT to originals that rarely rise,
True copies are the scarcest things we prize.
As to our view the substance first hath made
A shade, and then the shadow of a shade;
Image of image form'd, so faint the last,
If not the true, the clear resemblance past:
Or echo as our ear first plainly meets,
Then sounds of sounds of sounds of sounds repeats,
"Till of its sense before its sound bereft,
Before the ear the understanding's left;
From the first faithful copy of the word,
More distant, and more distant yet transferr'd,
Now clearly, faintly now, and scarce at all now heard.

Mankind themselves, as with their works 'tis seen,
Follow each other from sublime to mean;
In each alike we imitation own,
Brown follows Nature, thousands follow Brown.
From scene to scene 'tis thus where'er we go,
Stowe copies Nature, other places Stowe.
So link by link the gradual chain we trace
From the proud park, down to the Cit's snug place.
From Windsor's heights and Clifden's fam'd alcoves,
To Barnes' strait elms, and Liffon's smoky groves.

Through Nature thus we trace one gradual plan
Down from the highest to the lowest man;
From the first statesman of the city down
To the last lab'rer of the country town,
No two are equal—by what name to call
The strange device that men are equal all?
All but a Frenchman's blindness it must strike,
That no two animals are just alike.
From the first Being that made all the rest,
Down to the lowest nursling of the nest,
The poorest reptile, or the meanest fly
That optic power can, or cannot, descry;
From class to genus, and to species thence,
Through all gradations there's a difference.

The self-same species of the self-same flies
Exhibits infinite varieties.
As men beneath the God that they adore,
As beasts than men, than beasts, as reptiles, low'r,
So man from man must vary as we find
In force of body, and in power of mind.
Gradation's Nature's principle no doubt,
Link hangs on link the Universe throughout;
'Till from the first to last the mystic chain
Begins in Heav'n, and ends in Heav'n again.
From inert matter to the active soul,
Break but one link and you destroy the whole.
By the same fallacy we falsely call
Men equal, Beings must be equal all;
Nature still uniform the same must own
In all parts of the universe, or none.
God must be equal man, man equal beast;
The greatest must be equal to the least.
All this they know full well, whose impious aim
Is levell'd against God and man the same.
Those who assert *Equality* from thence
Must yield to all this fatal consequence;
Deny, according to their monstrous plan,
To God his being, and his soul to man:

Than Man thus nothing greater, nothing less,
Perfect *Equality* they will profess :
Strange stuff devis'd, and worse, imparted too
By knaves that think it not to fools that do !
Thy measure France of folly sure is full,
'Tis the *frog* bursting to be like the *bull*.
If this be wisdom, may I ne'er be wise !
If this be light, obscur'd be still my eyes !
Let me be rather still immers'd in night,
Happily wrong than miserably right !
Still be my comfortable error kept,
Ne'er may I wake, if all this time I've slept.
If my fond prospects are not what they seem,
May I dream on, and never know I dream !
Was it reserv'd for France alone to know
Herself the truth, and all the world to shew ?
And could it be that all mankind should err,
'Till rose Rousseau the sole Philosopher ?
That ne'er was born in any other age
But this a Statesman, Moralist, or Sage ?
That false was all the sum of former fame,
Till you French Worthies on a sudden came ;
The moral Mirabeau, the pure Petion,
Humble Barrere, and diffident Danton ;

The friendly Brissot, Condorcét sincere,
(For each consult his noble friend, and peer ;)
The patriot Paine, whom though three countries own;
He has not where to hide himself in one !
Whom though, like Homer, neither claims alive,
Which shall conceal his bones together strive,
The generous Garnier, whom to human kind
As great a *friend*, as Pitt a *foe*, we find ;
Who, 'gainst assassins if not shuts the door,
At least his victims kindly warns before.
The calm Chabot, the merciful Santérre,
Ingenuous Julien, tender Robespierre,
Pious Dupont—and Orleans all in one,
Like Sampson, though in pris'n, a host alone.
If in the highest still a high'r there be ;
Marat thou art—no thou'rt no longer, he—
But since thy life remains no more to praise,
Thy death we celebrate with heart-felt lays.
If to the living thus applause denied
Yet for your country's good at least, you died,
Nor for your country's good alone were hurl'd
From earth, but for the service of the world.
So well the stroke became you that you bore ;
We ne'er could see you to advantage more :

Conscious that if for ever thou hadst stood,
Thou never couldst have done the world more good.
Long ow'd to Nature since the debt thou'st paid,
It but remains thine *epitaph* be made.—

Who says thou hadst no heart? beyond all doubt,
Cordét best prov'd it, for she found it out.
Impartial still at mis'ry's common call,
It felt for none—that could not feel for all.
Full too of melting charity, they say,
So melting, that it melted all away.
To thy humanity does Fauchet swear,
And who shall doubt what Deputies declare?
More wretches never man was known to hear,
More cries of mis'ry never reach'd an ear.
For none have more been ever known to grieve,
Vent deeper groans, or louder sighs to heave;
Ne'er were more suff'rings felt for any yet,
More eyes ne'er made by any mortal wet;
Never more hearts for any known to bleed,
More orphans mourn'd, more widows wore the weed;
Not Howard's self more prisons could survey,
Take off more pris'ners that within them lay:
Not all our judges here with him could vie
In his one gen'ral *goal-delivery*.

His body so congenial with his mind,
 This gone, that not a moment *kept* behind;
 But instant rotting into air it sunk,
 Corrupted, and corrupting, as it sunk.
 His end thus with his rise and progress vied,
 Still constant to himself he liv'd and died.
 If best perfection from corruption come,
 The laurel sure must thrive well on his tomb,
 Here plant your flow'rs, 'twill well repay your toil,
 They can't but flourish in this best of soil.
 Sure all the good, the virtuous, and the brave,
 Must *willingly* attend him to the grave:
 Heroes of August and December too,
 Rejoice in him, for he rejoic'd in you.
 Grieve not, his mortal part though Cordet kill,
 His spirit animates your bosom still!
 'Twas he that led you on to ev'ry deed,
 His bled for you — for him your hearts shall bleed;
 And as you follow'd him thro' life, we trust
 You'll follow him so also to the dust.
 With joy I yield to this your brother dead,
 This *gen'ral* tribute—must no more be said?
 Yes, his *partic'lar* virtues, one by one
 I now begin to count—and now have done.

More such to name my patience cannot bear,
Or if it could, no patience sure would hear.
Oh! no, the world's successive lasting light
'Gainst a few years of France must still be right.
And this new light is but the old *fool's fire*
That leads the ignorant through many a mire;
'Till having urg'd him on from worse to worse,
Leaves him his own credulity to curse,
Of which the lost bewildered wretch divest,
His dazzled eyes see worse than all the rest.
O wondrous light! that doth at first surprise,
Then dazzle, and at last quite blind our eyes!
Illumination! unlike other light,
That nearer grows more dim instead of bright;
Till when we think we gain it past a doubt,
It leaves us quite, and all at once goes out!
Just as the eye in darkness closest prest,
Sees fancied figures dance before it best;
So these illuminated wand'ers find
This false reflection flashing on their mind.
As the short-sighted Indian that hath run
O'er hill succeeding hill, to seize his sun,
With each past disappointment tho' perplexed,
Looks forward still to meet it on the next;

Or as the simple Rustic who in vain
The faithless Iris sought from plain to plain;
Himself the centre of the circ'lar ray,
To it's circumference try'd in vain the way;
The visionary circle still the same,
Stood as he stood, receded as he came.
Thus these unphilosophic sceptics watch
The fleeting phantom they can never catch,
And after all their labour, all their cost,
Their object find not, but themselves are lost;
Their own strange fallacies lament too late,
And where they sought their fortune, meet their fate.
While on its fancied beams they stupid stare,
No speculation's in those eyes that glare;
'Tis in the mental as the nat'ral sky
The yellow mist before their jaundic'd eye.
Lost in their spurious light's deceitful maze
On man's true image while they think they gaze;
'Tis as the clown that gazes till he soon
Fancies he sees the man within the moon:
To true philosophers each stands confest,
The partial darkness that deforms the rest.
Alas! no real light, no object true,
But their own mind's false image they pursue;

And as the body ne'er its shade o'ertakes,
This the mind's image still the mind forsakes.
The mental phosphorus, where we explore,
The grand solution of all doubts before.
The panacea that French quacks insure,
But bring the ills that they pretend to cure.
These, worse than other quacks by art that kill,
Cram down the people's throats their fatal pill,
And those whom sense from their delusion shield
Free from their fraud must to their fury yield.

Sure France thy method must be madness all,
This light, at best, thy lucid interval,
The momentary glimpses of the mind,
That fading leave it but more deeply blind.
Flashes of folly, but to be admir'd
By those who fancy ideots are inspir'd.
Yet sure mere madness it can ne'er be deem'd,
Still less mere folly only hath it seem'd ;
Too long for madmen, and for fools too new,
'Tis the rare composition of the two ;
Or is at length the philosophic stone,
Discover'd and possess'd by France alone ?
The moral alchemy by which we trace
Flow'r of perfection in corruption's place ;

By which all wrong's sublim'd into all right,
And every vice becomes its opposite;
By which what basest dross we call'd before,
French alchemists transmute to sterling ore.
So thriving grows this revolution trade,
Not old crimes chang'd alone, but new crimes made.
Religion's sin, Morality's a crime,
Some for their names are culprits, some their clime;
This wretch compassion for a parent shar'd,
And that a widow, or an orphan, spar'd.
This *miscreant* dar'd to ask a husband's life;
That *monster* interceded for a wife;
This for his captive King retain'd some grace,
That mourn'd his Queen's, or Prince's hapless case.
One to beguile a pris'ner's suff'ring stove;
One for an exil'd lover shew'd her love;
A brother one would from the block have sav'd,
And for a friend another pardon crav'd;
Spontaneous terror this at blood display'd,
Involuntary feeling that betray'd:
Compunction, conscience, and if ought there's worse,
Open'd in these some passage to remorse.
Crimes, undefin'd ev'n now, till now unnam'd,
Such as *incivism*, *fed'ralism*, are fram'd:

Of *Moderation* guilty these, or *worth*,
Those *die* for no one reason but their *birth*,
Thus heirs of guilt, they're truly born to die,
Convict of casual Aristocracy!
All Nature's ties we elsewhere strongest deem,
Here all her capital offences seem;
All we her vices elsewhere hold the last,
Here for her foremost virtues now have past!
Could such a theme so light a thought create,
How whimsical might seem these ways of fate!
How strange, if not so shocking, 'twere to find
Fatality and phantasy combin'd.
To see them trifle with the deadly stroke,
Kill with a jest, and murder with a joke.
Characteristically still to mix
The tyger's fierceness with the monkey's tricks.

But for its mischief might this baleful blaze
Recall the pastime of our boyish days,
When the crisp paper curling in the fire,
Sparkled in stars for children to admire;
In quick succession each departing ray
Twinkled a moment and then died away:
The course thus of these luminaries, mark,
Star after star goes out, and all is dark.

Note but its progress, with Voltaire it rose,
Thence to Rousseau, from him to millions goes ;
Leads false philosophy a foolish dance
Through all the silly fopistry of France ;
Where all the light, a light ere death, it gave,
But lights them from the closet to the grave.
Although on all alike it first hath shone,
Each in its course hath all before outdone.
As his forerunner in it each outshines,
His follower just as much on him refines ;
In turn till one after another all
Proscribing and proscrib'd at length must fall ;
And those who give this light, or who receive,
Are doom'd alike an equal fate to grieve :
Against the master his own scholar turns,
Like Shylock adds to all the ill he learns,
Now would its founders, could they rise again,
And justly too, be by their foll'wers slain.
Now would Helvetius, Bayle, Rousseau, Voltaire,
Be guillotined by Danton or Barrère.
So with just retribution soon must they
Fall by the reigning devils of the day,
Quick from their domination to their doom,
Must from the *tribune* to the *scaffold* come,

From dealing, must to suff'ring, death descend,
Begin as hangmen, and as culprits end.
And whether now with the pantheon grac'd,
Or from it now be Mirabeau displac'd,
Whate'er his chances, changes, in this world,
To sure perdition in the next is hurl'd;
Here whether the pantheon shuts or opes,
The pandemonium *there* must end his hopes!

Modern Philosophers thus see no more,
Nay not so much, as common men before.
Phyics or Metaphysics much the same
Less in their power, vary, than their name,
The mind's eye like the nat'ral, cannot trace
Objects beyond a bounded sphere of space.
Myriads there are that float around this ball,
For the most microscopic eye too small:
Myriads of beings are there that surpass
Hertchell, thine utmost magnifying glass!
The human senses but command the mean
Infinite large, and small, that lies between.
It is not giv'n short-sighted man to peer
Beyond this visible diurnal sphere.
All that's too lofty for our scope of mind,
All that above our faculties we find,

All that's too vast, too distant to be seen,
 We call a God—and wonder what we mean—
 But that there is a God all nature cries,
 All observation shews that he is wise—
 Why do we say *He is*? unmeaning word!
 In God *our* sexual diff'rence how absurd!
 Material, concrete, notions all how odd!
 And abstract, how impossible of God!
 Much though we feel, yet little do we know,
 When we call things above by names below;
 Those who the blessing have of faith from thence
 Feel much the same that others do from sense.
 Perception, Faith, Reflection, tell us this,
 There is a Providence—not what it is.
 Vain all attempts with earth to level skies!
 Of Heav'n particulars are blasphemies.
 Vain trials at personifying evil!
 Not all our arts can raise a real Devil.
 Romney*, not all thine ill directed art
 To that strange figure meaning could impart,
 Which strives in spite of feeling, faith, or sense,
 To give—the Portraiture of Providence.
 Partic'larists, howe'er by name we call,
 Are but *Materialists* in substance all.

* In his picture of Providence brooding over Chaos.

Nay worse, *these* Man reduce but to a clod,
Those to mere matter would debase a God.
And as Materialists begin, they fast
Advancing end Idolaters at last.

We white men paint the Devil black, as right
The blacks of Senegambia paint him white.
A shrewd divine to Canada was sent,
Away the zealous Missionary went;
His quiv'ring, freezing, congregation told,
That Heav'n a *hot* place was, and Hell a *cold*.
His English friend the blasphemy bewail'd,
Against the shocking het'rodoxy rail'd :
“ Think you,” he cried, “ these wretches freezing here,
If Hell were hot, e'en Hell itself would fear ?”

We feel, at least I do, there is a whole
Jointly compos'd of body and of soul :
What the connection is we cannot tell
That joins the Earth with Heaven or with Hell.
Our God informs us we've a Soul to save,
Our Soul informs us that a God we have.
We argue in a circle thus 'tis true—
Who Metaphysicks talks, talks nonsense too.
Return my Muse then, take the beaten track,
Though not like Laureat forc'd to write for Sack;

Yet venture not like Phaeton the sky,
But rather grovel on the ground like P——

From such Originals who only take,
Like Pope himself, may no mean Poets make.

Next to those Suns in full meridian seen,
Their Satellites themselves are far from mean.

But when those Satellites themselves not low,
Have Satellitikins to serve them so,

Dwindling from less to less, the least so far,
From a bright Sun will end a falling star.

Let those, who boast not their own proper light,
Go to the Sun itself for borrow'd light.

But in these days so little shame we feel,
We seldom go so far for what we steal.

They who to such high sources only go,
Are geniuses to modern esprits-beaux.

They of Parnassus' fountain-head would drink,
While these would only play about the brink.

Our modern Sciolists are sooner pleas'd,
Reading and writing now are so much eas'd,

With Greek and Hebrew few now plague their pate,
Composing now is almost out of date.

Compiling from Compilers all the art
That constitutes a modern Author's part.

No more are Patriarchs, Prophets, Fathers heard,
E'en Gibbon takes a French translator's word.
Old Jeromes and Josephuses, give way,
To Priestleys, Horseleys, Paleys, of the day;
Instead of going to th' Augustan age,
We pirate from their Plagiary's page.

One picks a pocket, one from him receives,
And hands it forward through a crowd of thieves;
'Till the purse, torn to pieces as it's toft,
Lets loose the Gold, or is in Grub-Street lost:
So chang'd by all the filth where it has lain,
The Owner scarce could know his own again:
Thus many a Thief alike of wealth, or wit,
Escapes the lash of Law by marring it.
Oft by Poetic as by common Law,
The Culprit gets off merely by a flaw;
See—Martial Judge—Reports of his own time—
“He makes it *his*, who ill repeats my rhyme.”

Of the rich harvest of old times bereft,
We glean the gleanings other Pilf'ers left.
Few now on Homer, or on Horace dine,
But drink distill'd their lees without their wine.
Few now with Val.* on Aristotle sup,
But take his orts at second-hand dish'd up.

* *Val.* Aristotle is a feast for an emperor.—*CONC.*

Still low'r the spurious sons of learning stoop
 To hireling Critics of a Grub-Street group;
 Devour the scourings of those learned stews,
 Registers, Papers, Magazines, Reviews.
 (Not such as Ruffhead's, Johnson's, Burke's, but those
 Of Critics no one cares for, no one knows—
 If they are willing to obtain my praise,
 First let them shew their taste, and like my lays).
 Or to find all compendiously in one,
 To T—l—r fly, T—l—r a host alone.
 For Sermons, Gard'ning, Morals, Taxes, Drugs,
 From Rules for Writing, to Receipts for Bugs,
 Great Curer of short Mem'ries, and the Rot,
 Priest, Chronicler, Compendium, Polyglot,
 Guide, Helper, Vade-Mecum, and what not! }
 Thou second Hill, or thou both Hills together,
 Whether Sir John most like, or Rowland whether!
 A Quack like one, like t'other a Divine,
 Great Olio how shall I thy pow'rs define?
 A theme like thee demands a loftier bard,
 So take the strain by Dryden's self prepar'd.
 "The first in versatility surpast,
 In zeal the second, and in both the last.
 The force of folly could no farther go,
 To make a third she join'd the former two."

—Now stop my Muse, and now fatigued with mine,
HERBERT, repose a while on Dryden's line,
My Pegasus to Dryden's now give way,
And thou gall'd jade rejoice at the relay;
Rest and refresh thyself, when this is done,
Thou hast at least another race to run;
Take breath thyself, and give thy reader breath,
I would not work a willing horse to death;
Left urg'd beyond your strength, poor crippled creature,
You stumble even more than is your nature,
Break your own neck and master's both, too hard
Driv'n by a ruthless, reckless, endless, bard.

END OF EPISTLE II.

A R C H B I S H O P
EPISTLE III.

A R G U M E N T.

Nature uniform—Subordination constant—Society the natural state of Man—Subjection necessary to it—Comparison between Man and other animals as to it—How obtained amongst *them*—Its advantage the cause of it—Illustrated in the habits of different animals—The facts of Nature unobjectionable—Happiness their result, in the case of human as other animal œconomy.

Art part of the *Nature* of Man. Illustrated—*Resemblance* between Man and other animals, in the first state of Society, when rule was obtained by conquest—A Republic no genuine Government, but an excrescence from others—The power under all forms much the same—exemplified.

Difference between Man and other animals—Instinct stationary—Reason progressive—Amongst other blessings of Civilization is succession to, instead of contest for, Sovereignty.

Refinement the abuse of Civilization—Its evils—Exhortation to avoid it—Relapse to Barbarism—exemplified in France.

Society investigated—Address to BURKE on it—His character (with incidental reflections on the queen of France)—Eulogy on him—Society pursued—Its corruption deprecated—Appeal to the great and good to stop its degradation here, and resist the calamities that from the state of France threaten the World.

EPISTLE III.

SUBORDINATION OF THE MIND.

Qui pecori imperitet, quem tota armenta sequantur.

VIRG.

NATURE was e'er, and must be e'er the same,
Mankind have never alter'd but in name;
Never were equal, never without law,
Civil restriction, and religious awe.
No matter by what form or name express'd,
All own'd a King, and all a God confess'd:
Whether a Horde, a House, a Tribe, defin'd,
They yet were all a people in their kind:
More or less free, whatever else their fate,
That people still were form'd into a State:
In various modes, by various measures try'd,
Somewhere a Sov'reign Pow'r did still preside;

In substance all were but the self-same thing,
Each place a Kingdom, and each pow'r a King.
Whether a congregation, or a crowd,
Whether in silence praying, or aloud,
Within a temple, or beneath a tree,
All in a God, and in a Church agree.
Call all of these by any terms you will,
A State, a Church, a Kingdom, are they still.

Man in his nat'ral state, (if e'er was known
A state where each man stood himself alone,
But sure, since he's gregarious in his kind,
No such a selfish state we e'er could find;
Sure there's no diff'rence here in Nature's plan,
In beasts *gregarious*, *social* is in Man,
For the same thing 'tis but a diff'rent word,
To Man Society, to Beasts a Herd.)
Man in his nat'ral, that's his social, state,
Like other animals has this his fate,
To few is giv'n command, to millions awe,
Subordination's Nature's prim'ry law.
Philosophers, there's nothing in it new,
The many must be govern'd by the few.
By stealth, strength, courage, beasts their rule possess,
Man, much the same, first sought it by address.

Alike by Pow'r his sov'reignty each gain'd,
By weaknefs lost, by vigilance retain'd :
First all subjection was the self-same thing,
Lord of a Herd, or of a Nation King.

Of ev'ry Herd one Lord no sooner dead,
A Successor is sought for in his stead ;
With the dire conflict loud resounds the plain,
And ere one rules, thousands perchance are slain.
Mean while the Herd without their Ruler rove,
Lost in stray paths, or bent on lawless love ;
Of their late Guardian Ruler's care bereft,
To all the ills of helpless wand'ers left ;
Haply through deserts ramble uncontrol'd,
Haply the young neglected by the old ;
This, heedless o'er some precipice may bound,
That sink incautious in the treach'rous ground,
Another wander in some devious track,
Without his Ruler to recall him back :
Through diff'rent dangers diff'rent straglers run,
Chill'd in the shade, or parching in the sun ;
Intemp'rate plunge into the tempting wave,
Too freely drink, or too profusely lave ;
Famish with hunger chance, or pine with thirst,
Starve with too little, or with too much burst ;

Stung by some asp, to fatal anguish rouse,
Or on some baleful herb too eager brouse;
Deadly Cicuta's yellow poison crop,
Or Atropa's black deleterious drop.
By some o'erwhelming flood defenceless wash'd,
Or down some cataract's dread summit dash'd.
In these, or some such unknown manner, swerv'd,
The Herd now miss that Lord so late they serv'd.
For can we think 'twas mere tyrannic sway,
And no good purpose, made them all obey?
Sure Nature to command one beast did call,
Not for himself, but for the sake of all;
Reas'ning from what we see, how can we tell
But, as he rules them, that he rules them well;
Doubtless, whether in shelter, rest, or food,
Keeps some from ill, or leads them to some good.
Yes, surely Nature, though by ways unseen,
In all her works must some *advantage* mean;
Is it design or chance, ye Atheists, tell,
That makes her ends answer her means so well?
Think you for no fixt view she hath preferr'd
One Bull to be the ruler of the herd?
Doth she to one Queen-bee the kingdom give
But for the benefit of all the hive?

For no good motive grant one Stork the right
 O'er the subservient foll'wers of its flight,
 That in the course assigning each its place,
 Points the cleft track the winged wedge shall trace?
 Doth she allow one Beaver to control
 The rest, but for the service of the whole;
 To portion out to each its sep'rate share,
 And mould the mansion with no casual care?
 Why doth one Sparrow drive the rest away?
 Because they all would starve, if all should stay—
 The Principle of Pow'r why farther search
 'Tis seen on ev'ry dunghill, ev'ry perch;
 Through sea, earth, air, meets ev'ry where the eye,
 In all that either swim, or run, or fly.
 All animals for mast'ry first contend,
 'Till in fix'd pow'r and peace, their contests end.
 The cause, or the effect, to blame then cease,
 That cause is Pow'r, and that effect is Peace.
 Though what we rarely see may seem amiss,
 And cav'lers censure that, or question this,
 What thus we always see, is always right;
 Each day its labour brings, its rest each night.
 Who, ev'n of Infidels, will dare to say
 That Nature's common path's a wand'ring way?

If the rare meteor may excite alarm,
The constant planet can portend no harm;
The comet's unknown progress if we shun,
Not so the course of the returning sun.
When aught in Nature wrong we think we find,
It is not she, but we ourselves are blind.
So all our weak conceits to set it right
But serve to puzzle and perplex it quite:
While our fantastic tricks in vain we try,
And pigmies, aping giants, tempt the sky,
Sink in our very struggles to ascend,
On our own heads till our own projects end.
If by that sin giants and angels fell,
To heav'n aspiring, were immers'd in hell,
How then shall Man, if once he leave his land,
Once lose his proper station, hope to stand?
May he of all his blessings know the worth,
And, since he's of it, be content with earth!
The facts of Nature never could seem wrong,
If we knew all that to those facts belong.
When we in all her works, as in mankind,
In fact the same subordination find;
Its wisdom why in Man alone suspect?
The cause is just as clear as the effect—

And when one Man with Sov'reignty is blest,
 'Tis for the happiness of all the rest.
 What hath Man done his Maker to offend,
 That he alone is rul'd for no good end?
 If Nature does not, say what does, impart
 To Man a Ruler, sophists answer "Art."—
 Art is Man's Nature, and not Man's alone,
 Some Art, though less than his, all creatures own:
 In them what Nature, him, what Art we name,
 Are but degrees of what in fact's the same.
 All that we do ourselves, our Art we call,
 When 'tis our Nature we should do it all.
 In truth we nothing of ourselves perform,
 But the same Pow'r directs both Man and worm.
 Our God, without has form'd us, and within,
 Arm'd this with reason, cover'd that with skin;
 Whatever he hath giv'n us means to gain,
 To make, or mould, relinquish, or retain;
 All that we find, improve, invent, acquire,
 Each talent, taste, refinement, and desire,
 All that at home, or through the world's whole range,
 We get by labour, or by trade exchange,
 All that our head directs, or feels our heart,
 Together form our Nature, not our Art.

Our nat'ral clothing is the well-wrought vest,
The house we build is but our nat'ral nest,
The bed we strew our nat'ral place of rest.
From the wild berry, and spontaneous rill,
To fruits we sow, and liquors we distill,
The Sun's own lustre, or the fire we strike,
Are all our nat'ral food, drink, warmth, alike.
Combine our elements howe'er we can,
All that Man does is natural to Man;
What he does well, his Nature's proper use,
What ill, is its sophistical abuse.
Had it not been his Nature, be assur'd,
Man never had the rule of Man endur'd.
When these subjection feel, and those bear sway,
'Tis Reason guiding both in Nature's way.
Then say not from our Nature that we swerve,
When the few govern, and the many serve.
Blame not the weakness here, or there the might,
But learn at length " Whatever is is right."

'Twas with Mankind, as beasts, at first the same,
To pow'r that conquest was their only claim;
And the first chiefs that govern'd them, no doubt,
Were the most strong, courageous, swift, or stout:
Possess'd the pow'rs best suited to their climes,
Or own'd the arts most valued in their times.

On mountains the best hunter bore the sway,
In vallies the best herdsman of his day;
In caves harmonious, or through peaceful plains,
The first of shepherds, or the first of swains;
The pipe bestow'd the kingdom of the groves,
And past'ral contests gain'd the people's loves;
Who best could spread the net, extend the oar,
Lord of the isle, or Sov'reign of the shore.
Thus Nimrod rul'd Assyria with his steed;
And Pan Arcadia govern'd by his reed;
Till with more skill Apollo (then a Man)
Rival'd, depos'd, and reign'd instead of Pan;
By aid of Oracles Deucalion stood,
When Themis taught him to repair the flood;
Cecrops by social arts o'er Athens reign'd;
Cadmus the throne of Thebes by letters gain'd
Theseus by chivalry made crowds obey,
And Perseus by knight-errantry held sway;
By aug'ry Romulus gave name to Rome.
By aug'ry seal'd his rival brother's doom:
Some to a deity, or demon, ow'd
The admiration of a servile crowd:
To power was Numa by Egeria led,
Augustus by a genius rul'd instead—

G

Much though the praise that fancied genius bore,
Virgil's, and Horace's, true genius, more!
By superstition now, and now the sword,
Obey'd at once was Mah'met and ador'd.
Thus the first Sov'reigns fought the people's voice,
And force, fraud, chance, alternate led their choice.
As the first Chiefs by arts or arms prevail'd,
By arts or arms they were in turn assail'd.
One Chief alas! seldom maturely lost!
The next was fought for to his people's cost;
Some this, some that, demanding as their head,
And, ere one rul'd, on each side thousands bled:
Mean while the subjects mourn'd with two-fold grief,
The lost, but more the unsucceeded, Chief;
Found in the want, the value of their Lord,
The Sceptre ill supply'd but by the Sword;
At once of all the good of Rule bereft,
To all the evil of Disorder left;
And as like Herds their Chief they first procur'd,
Like them the same ills in his loss endur'd.
Hence rose Republics—in a few plain words,
Republics are but Herds without their Lords—
Through more or less disorder, soon or late,
In name or substance each resumes it's state:
Something between the future and the past,
'Tis never the first government, or last;

At best an Interregnum, but at worst
For one King lost with many Tyrants curst—
No matter by what various modes exprest,
'Tis the same Pow'r conceal'd, or else confest.
Who can discern a diff'rence in the thing,
Whether Protector, Cromwell call'd, or King?
Down from the Empire to the Commonweal,
The people much the same subjection feel:
Dictator, Consul, Triumvir, the name,
The Power in Rome was ever much the same.
Whate'er the titles nations may prefer,
In Venice Doge, in Holland Stadtholder;
In Turkey Sultan, and in Tart'ry Khan,
Arabia Shaik, Mogul in Indostan;
In Persia Sophy, Lama in Thibet,
And what in Abyffinia I forget:
In China Emperor, in Algiers Dey,
Chief in the Northern, Southern isles, Erée:
Are various terms that various fancies strike,
The nature of them all is much alike!
In France whatever be the name in vogue
To stigmatize the reigning Demagogue,
Petion, Marat, or any other rogue—
Whether May'r, Deputy, thou lov'st to hear,
Or if Commissioner more charm thine ear,

Thou art the same substantial Tyrant still;
Kings have less pow'r, and use that pow'r less ill!
'Tis but the question whether most we like
The lawful Sceptre, or the lawless Pike.

Thus far the likeness, mark the difference thence,
Instinct between and reasonable sense.
Instinct is still the same, no change or chance
Supplies improvement, or admits advance;
To beasts of modern days remains the same,
It first to them at their creation came;
To future foresight, past experience, blind,
And knowing nought before, and nought behind,
Wand'ring as much this moment in the dark,
As when they first proceeded from the ark;
While Reason, still progressive as the time,
Humble, aspiring, arduous, sublime,
Advances still with the advancing age,
And one's experience makes another sage;
Nay more, foresees the future from the past,
And ev'ry age improves upon the last.
Thus the rude Herd still the same course pursue,
Their scope unlengthen'd, unenlarg'd their view,
Still stationary in their sense remain,
Find no increase, and no accession gain,

With wonted fury still for rule contend,
And as they first began, unalter'd end.
While Man, self-taught, and gradually improv'd,
No more the Savage that at first he mov'd,
Looks back with horror on the barb'rous ways
Of ruder Man obscur'd by darker days;
Thinks with disgust, and shudders at the thought,
When Man own'd nothing but for what he fought;
Allegiance for Protection learns to give,
And finds the happy secret how to live :
To God his Altars, to the King his Throne,
To all secures enjoyment of their own ;
Emerg'd from Anarchy's oblivious night
To mild Subordination's gradual light,
Learns the vast value of successive Right.

Yet boast not Man this vain perfection gain'd,
If still corruption in its seed's contain'd ;
If with improvement injury keeps pace,
And want remov'd, excess usurps its place ;
With comforts, if abundance time supplies,
With necessities, superfluities ;
If, Libertines of Life, our lux'ry's such,
We cannot have enough without too much
Like Profligates, if we but rise to fall,
First gratify our appetites, then pall :

Escap'd from rudeness, with refinement curst,
Man's last estate's more odious than his first.
Far better had he in his woods remain'd,
His ign'rance with his purity retain'd;
Better his Night of Infancy endur'd,
In his primeval darkness still obscur'd,
Than live, 'mongst others, this sad truth to find,
With too much use of sight that he is blind;
Than, like the Sun, dazzling from being bright,
Like it grow dark with the excess of light;
Better the gain ne'er found, than felt the loss,
An age of iron, than an age of dross.
Still let us strive the *Golden* mean to keep,
To Knowledge rise from Ignorance's sleep;
Though polish'd plain, though civiliz'd sincere,
Pure as refin'd, and exquisitely clear.
May we that rarer happiness retain,
To feel refinement's taste without its stain;
If both together mingled be by fate,
Shun the temptation of the gilded bait!
If to our longing lips be handed up
The mix'd ingredients of the deadly cup,
Oh! let us put the fatal compound by,
Rather by thirst itself than poison die!

Grant us, thou great Dispenser of our breath,
 Life without shame, or honourable death!
 Who would not sink in an eternal trance,
 Rather than wake and find himself of France!
 Whom faith, nor fear, nor feeling could sustain,
 Nor e'en thy virtues, Louis, could restrain,
 Virtues that thy last words alone could paint,
 The Martyr scarcely second to the Saint,
 From more than all the joint concentrated crimes
 Of all past wretches in all former times!
 Ah! hapless France, ah! why did Cæsar e'er
 The arts and arms of Rome to Gallia bear?
 Why didst thou through improvement vainly run,
 And Charles conclude what Cæsar had begun?
 Better hadst thou been still unpolish'd Gaul,
 And never hadst been civiliz'd at all,
 Better been any thing than what thou art,
 Or nothing, but a void unpeopled chart;
 Better have been a wilderness again,
 Peopled with wolves, first natives of thy plain,
 Than fill'd, as now, with Men more savage far
 Than Wolves; or aught than wolves more savage far.

What is Society? ye best can tell,
 Whose Genius or whose Worth have serv'd it well—

Thou, chiefly, whom the faithful Muse records,
Would she could do it in thy brilliant words !
Who in this *scene* of life hast doubly shone,
Of Actors' first, and Authors both in one ;
With ev'ry Taste and ev'ry Science fraught,
Thyself the great Sublime thyself hast taught !
On thee I call, and add thy fav'rite name
O Burke ! to tell thee how I love thy Fame,
That brings to my remembrance from what state
We rose, by thee, in triumph o'er our fate.
Yet, not thy flatt'rer—who alike respects
Thy virtues, while he weeps o'er thy defects ;
Thinks it in thee, as Price, as strange a thing
To say we have no People, or no King ;
Who in the zeal of the Accuser's mind
The Party Persecutor griev'd to find ;
Who from the upright Patriot griev'd to see
The whimsical Knight-errant crook the knee ;
Who in the Loyalist the Courtier saw,
In the Believer's truth the Bigot's awe ;
At once the horror, and the love, of Vice,
The foe to Treason, friend to Prejudice ;
Who in the pious Moralist descried
The gloomy advocate for Suicide—

Strange, to teach us to save ourselves the way,
 Yet teach a hapless Queen herself to slay!
 Praise thou her boast to use the secret sword,
 Let me rejoice she hath not kept her word;
 While you the threaten'd Suicide caress,
 Let me admire the Heroine in distress—
 A nobler lesson from her Lord she gain'd,
 By any but her own hand to be stain'd.
 Live on, O Queen, and know the real Great
 Like him, will yield to nothing but to Fate!
 How near foe'er that be *—if not yet past,
 Still prove thou worthy him from first to last!
 'Tis past—and hadst thou liv'd as thou hast died,
 With thine own Louis thou in fame hadst vied!
 But we forgive thy fault, thy fate bewail,
 A light to Virtue hold, to Vice a veil;
 Fate, that no fault could merit, much less thine,
 Whose *mortal* ill was being deem'd *divine*!
 Though censur'd by the rigour of the Muse,
 Her candour still may grant thee some excuse.
 If she were frail, say ye who are as fair,
 How should ye shun the same insidious snare?
 No common flatt'ry, of no common Theme,
 From Sycophants that would Admirers seem;

* This surmise proved literally the fact.

Temptation, that an angel would demand,
In virtue, as in beauty, to withstand;
Not what might an Elizabeth surprise
To take a Courtier's, for a Lover's sighs;
More than a Mary's strength that did require—
Less than a Mary's frailty to inspire:
All, gallantry, or genius could devise
To charm the ears, or fascinate the eyes;
All that impassion'd wit the mind could rack
Gainst woman's charms to strengthen man's attack,
All that conspires to weaken her defence—
The press of passion, and the praise of sense,
The head and heart combining to transport
The brightest Beauty of the brightest court—
This was she—these were her temptations all—
May You, assail'd like her, not like her fall!
Her death, the errors of her life, we own,
To earth, nay ev'n to Heaven, may atone—
May God the sinner for the sufferer spare!
And, all ye merciful, O join the pray'r!
—Yes, Burke, on thee I call, since 'tis confess'd
Thy genius and thy worth have serv'd us best;
With all thy faults that all thy foes can find,
Of Good a mighty balance still's behind.

Pursue, bright Sun, thy course, though at the risk
A few dark spots be shewn upon thy disk.

What is Society? its mean, its end?
How to attain its blessings, how defend?
Say, does it, like the high projected ball,
Ris'n to its utmost height, turn vertical?
After, with rapid pace, its progress made,
Grow stationary first, then retrograde?
Is it a curse, or blessing? was it sent
To be Mankind's reward, or punishment?
Must we Mankind so many culprits own,
Society their Sisyphéan stone,
With pain and toil heav'd up the hill of life,
To fall at once and end in constant strife:
With slow returning task again replac'd,
Again revolv'd, to be again retrac'd;
The same successive scene of mis'ry all,
Toil in its rise, and suff'rance in its fall?

The Social, not unlike the Nat'ral world,
Seems through its chance and changes to be hurl'd.
In the Mind's Chaos first 'twas darkness mere,
The Sun of Knowledge then illum'd it's sphere;
Quick from its Rise to its Meridian run,
From its Meridian to its setting Sun!

And shall that intellectual Sun now set ?
Must we its genial warmth so soon forget ?
Was it so long before it came to aught,
And shall it yet be falling back to nought ?
Can we returning darkness not restrain ?
Is intellectual Chaos come again ?
Oh ! let us strive to stop its dread advance,
Nor let the World at large yet sink with France ;
That, like the desp'rate wretches as they drown,
Sinking herself, would draw all others down.
Ye Great and Good stand forth, uphold this Ball,
Nor let the Wicked yet effect its fall !

END OF EPISTLE III.

EPISTLE IV.

Apologies to Insects—Dedication of the late of Nature
 Applied to the Great and Good to the 10. Addressed to
 Carnation on its Manner in general influenced by the Great
 or had. Pooled by Knave—A modern influence—Exhibited
 chiefly political. Facilio a Charming—Pursued
 Sickler—Conditional—Exhibited—Pursued
 Prince—Prince—Trunk—Examples of—A Prince
 trimmed—Neutral—Character of—Exhibition—Council
 between France and England—Influence to the British
 Extremes of Genius and Virtue rarely united—Exhibited
 Nature of Characters illustrated—Caution how we should
 proceed—Conclusion

A R G U M E N T.

Apostrophe to INFLUENCE—Decisive of the fate of Nations—
Appeal to the Great and Good to use it. Address to Lord
CARNARVON on it. Mankind in general influenced by the Good
or Bad. Fools led by Knaves—A modern instance—Characters,
chiefly political. **FACILIO**, a Changeling — **PHILASTER**, a
Stickler—Constitutionalists—Exemplified—Eulogy on a **PATRIOT**
PRINCE—Patriots—Trimmers—Examples of—A Trimmer
trimmed—Neutralists—Characters of—Exhortation—Contrast be-
tween France and England—Incitement to Patriotism.
Extremes of Genius and Virtue rarely united—Exemplified—In-
fluence of Characters illustrated—Caution how we become influ-
enced—Consequence.

EPISTLE IV.

THE INFLUENCE OF THE MIND.

Gratum est quod patriæ civem, populoque dedisti,

Si facis ut patriæ sit idoneus——

Juv.

INFLUENCE, thou mighty magic of the Mind; A
First Art, and second Nature, of Mankind! Slaves happy
Who by the mystic motion of thy wand Deeps to each
O'er good and evil spirits dost command; Thy voluntary
Dost like a Sybil chide, or Syren charm Their own to
Mankind alike to happiness, or harm; Since the
That with a feather rulest, or a rod, One's born to lead
Alternately a Devil or a God; The dusky crowd
That shew'd Man first to Paradise the way, With each
Then led him from that Paradise astray; Virtuous or vicious
That in the Serpent's guise with Eve began, A by the
From her to Adam, him to us that ran, Frenzied, un-
The fault and fall of woman, and of Man, That how

Infusing in us from thy secret source
Much more than pow'r could e'er obtrude by force;
Reigning with mild, yet arbitrary, sway
O'er slaves that, as least conscious, best obey;
Making thy motley mass of dupes and fools
Of all thine artful work the artless tools;
Who, like all other tools, can never know
The various services through which they go,
And their own works no more have understood
Than axes that divide, discern, the wood,
But just as either blindly is impell'd,
A State is levell'd, or a tree is fell'd :
Slaves happy in the thought that they are free,
Dupes to each other, to themselves, and thee;
Thy voluntary vot'ries, destin'd still
Their own to think it, while they work thy will!
Since 'tis the Nature of the human head,
One's born to lead, and thousands to be led;
The ductile crowd since, like the faithful lake,
With each impression must its image take;
Virtuous or vicious must that crowd be made,
As by the good inform'd, or bad betray'd :
HERBERT, unless such men as you can gain
That pow'r, 'twill fall to wretches such as Paine—

Might late have fallen—but the Good and Great
 Step'd in 'twixt us and our impending fate;
 But that the fear gen'ral supineness brought,
 Collective vigour timely crush'd to nought;
 When every honest hand it's utmost tried,
 Nor e'en my humble effort was denied.

Thus by the Influence of the bad or good
 Have nations quickly fall'n, or firmly stood.
 What hath made France so singularly curst?
 The long continued Influence of the worst.
 What hath made Britain so supremely blest?
 The gen'ral, gradual Influence of the best.
 Why have of old her suff'ring subjects bled?
 Because a Tyler, Cade, or Cromwell led.
 Why have of later times their virtue fail'd?
 Because a W—s or G—rd—n have prevail'd.
 What would risk all our happiness again?
 The influence of a Pr—l—y, Pr—e, or P—e.

Ye Great, and Good! remember to your trust
 Is left this proud inheritance of dust;
 That Nature hath devolv'd these sacred cares
 On you, of virtue the successive heirs;
 That she commits to your continual zeal
 The gen'rous guardianship of public weal!

Oh! if your wards, the People, you neglect;
Yours is the fault, where theirs is the defect;
And yours the punishment—it never fails
But virtue suffers just as vice prevails.

In this the Social Mansion of our Isle,
The Pillars Ye, the People are the Pile;
Its few, but firm supporters Ye, that best
At once uphold, and decorate, the rest;
In whom are use and ornament combin'd,
To Doric strength Corinthian beauty join'd!
Like Pillars too, not form'd to stand alone,
But to prevent that Pile from falling down.
Hence ye profane! on sacred ground it stands,
Approach it not with sacrilegious hands.
Hither ye virtuous! and support its base,
Around it raise your adamantine case.
But for these Pillars of the Great and Good,
Thine Liberty alone had never stood.
Had ne'er its mass, the crowd, without their aid
Sustain'd, but with that mass been prostrate laid.
If Liberty thy column be of stone;
Licentiousness, the weight that pulls it down;
While, hapless people! the same hands of you
That raise that column, oft destroy it too.

Virtue and Liberty still hand in hand,
 Firm in themselves shall all their foes withstand;
 Together join'd all harm shall they resist,
 Let waters beat, and winds blow, where they list:
 Built on a Rock our Mansion still shall brave
 Treason's rude storm, Sedition's wearing wave;
 Rebellion's open, Treach'ry's hidden, rage;
 Ruins of time and ravages of age;
 Supported and supporting shall remain
 When in the dust around it's foes are lain.
 While, like our fathers, we their children pray,
 Heav'n hear our pray'r! ESTO PERPETUA!!!

Here, HERBERT, must the honest Muse confess,
 Thou hast to answer for too long recess;
 Too long in selfish solitude retir'd,
 And known too late since known to be admir'd;
 At length howe'er rous'd at thy Country's call
 From rest to which thou ne'er again must fall.
 Ah! sure thou hadst no independent Right
 In Highclere's woods to hide thee from our sight;
 To revel in her solitary shade
 In philosophic speculation stray'd,
 In the lone luxury of thought indulge,
 Nor to the world that thought e'en to divulge,

Leave crowds, less fit, to glory to aspire,
And from the world with Conway to retire—
Conway the Muse's fav'rite, and thine own,
Almost a balance for the world alone ;
Worthy with thee to share thy sylvan seat,
Faithful confed'rate in thy fond retreat.
No, not the Farmer's toil, the Planter's care,
In herds, and flocks, and foals, thy fav'rite share,
Not all the rural charms thy plains diffuse,
All thy domestic joys e'en could excuse
The public, social, service to release,
For private happiness, and selfish ease.
What though no vice corrupted, no excess
Impair'd thy worth, or made thy virtues less;
Still in true taste and useful arts employ'd,
And learned leisure still supply'd the void ;
Yet sure such talents kinder fate must brood
For higher ends than barely being good ;
As well as *good*, sure doom'd thee to be *great*,
Not thine own Master, Servant of the State ;
To quit the past'ral, for the Patriot, life,
The charms of Highclere for St. James's strife ;
Of Courts yet, save their honour, nought to know,
Leaving the mean to flatter, fawn, and bow ;

To act from principle, and not for pelf,
Thy Country serve, but not disgrace thyself.

Men must be govern'd, 'tis a truth most sad,
If by the *good* not govern'd, by the *bad*.
And such, alas! of Influence is the curse,
The better oft are guided by the worse;
Changing the use of instruments and tools,
The wiser by the weaker, wits by fools.
Ministers, Kings, however wise, or great,
Warriors, and Statesmen, e'en in war, and state,
Each in the practice of their very trade,
By mistresses, or minions, have been sway'd;
Profligate fav'rites of a hapless Court
Have made the People's death, the Prince's sport;
A Buckingham, or Maint'non, of the day
Led Charles the wise, Louis the brave astray.
Nay more, so strange this Influence of the head,
By the least genius oft the greatest led;
And F—x himself misguided now is known
By minds more weak, more wicked, than his own.

In faith, sense, morals, learning, knowledge, arts,
Since Influence more than our own taste imparts,
Our Mind, not on ourselves, but on our friends,
On what we see; and hear, and read, depends.

Beware then by whom living we are led,
Or through what Books we commune with the dead !
Surely alike the Body and the Mind
Partake the nature of the food they find ;
For their support and welfare not rely
On their resource, so much as their supply ;
Not from within, but from without, receive,
Take from the world what to the world they give :
Hence in proportion to our fost'ring care,
They rise in worth and virtue, firm and fair.
Trace most men through their characters, we own
They go by others, rather than alone ;
In diff'rent ways are diff'rent vot'ries led,
By pride or passion, by the heart or head—
A truth, of which the emblem Folly shews,
Who led herself, leads others by the nose ;
Till the continued complicated line
'Tis hard to break, and harder to untwine ;
Like the fam'd web Penelope still spun,
The work of doing but to be undone !

Fools have been ever, and continue still
The Dupes for Knaves to twist about at will.
When crafty W—— embark'd with easy B——
One's purse was empty, and the other's full.

Now Presto-Hocus-Pocus—which is which?

The rich grew ruin'd and the ruin'd rich.

B—— broke his heart, and died not worth a groat,

W—— is a courtier in a birth-day coat.

"Poor B——" (cries W—— in sympathetic strain)

"B—— was a man of mighty shallow brain!

"The difference between us plain to see,

"I follow'd *Int'rest*, B—— but follow'd *me*.

"B—— was a W—k—te, let me justice have,

"I never was a W—k—te, but a ———."

After a life in Art and *Int'rest* past,

We must confess Jack's honesty at last;

With wits since honesty's not much in vogue,

'Twas honest sure to own himself a r——.

Weak Readers are in ev'ry Writer's pow'r—

Facilio is the changeling of an hour,

Veering about with ev'ry veering blast,

A dupe to all, a convert to the last;

A Deist, Infidel, or Christian stands,

As Hume, or Hobbes, or Barrow's in his hands.

Of ev'ry gross device the easy prey,

Backwards and forwards chang'd from day to day;

Thinks Price elective clearly proves the King,

Till Burke persuades him he is no such thing.

He now with Horseley, now with Priestley faith,
There is no Reason, or there is no Faith,
Each fraud at first implicitly believes,
Then each detection just as soon receives.
Takes each impostor's, each detector's part;
And ev'ry artifice to him seems art.
By ev'ry Alchemist or Conj'ror won,
Expecting still the Philosophic Stone,
'Mongst grave Academicians saw with joy
The gold that * Price produc'd without alloy.
(And well he might, there could be little doubt
What gold went in the furnace gold came out)
Till Price with conscience of the fraud oppress'd
What they discover'd not himself confess'd.
Believ'd in Mesmer's dealings with Old Nick,
Till Franklin shew'd him it was all a trick.
Otranto's Castle now his sense will scare,
He'll own it now a Castle in the Air.
The mock discov'ry of Formosa's Isle
On him acquir'd its Influence for a while;
Its Hist'ry learnt, its Language almost spoke,
When Psalmanasar own'd the whole a joke.
Rowley's Antiquity-believes with Milles,
His Mind till Tyrwhitt with conviction fills;

* Dr. Price of Guildford.

Then doubting with Matthias's Review,
Now either fancies, and now neither, true.
In the Parisian Marble puts his trust,
Till Robertson's keen pen removes the crust;
Full credit gives Macpherson's feign'd Fingal,
Till Johnson shews him it's a fiction all.
And if he have not quite so weak a brain
To be impos'd upon by paltry Paine;
Not proof against the subtler nonsense all,
Of E—k—e'spouting at Freemason's-Hall.
In Parliament he turns with the debate,
Friend of the People now, and now the State;
At Westminster he with each counsel veers,
Alter'd by ev'ry argument he hears;
From Bearcroft thinks the Plaintiff must be right,
Till Erskine for Defendant turns him quite;
One Cause is good until another's heard,
And the last Fallacy is still prefer'd.
While Fox, Burke, Sheridan, or Grey, harangu'd,
Wish'd to his heart that Hastings could be hang'd.
When Plomer, Law, or Dallas, forward came,
Thought that the Managers were more to blame.
If at the Theatre sheds equal tears
When Barry, or when Henderson, appears.

Thinks, and thinks rightly, Garrick far the best
Of Actors, but he thought so of the rest;
And so for ever for the time perplex
He thinks the best of Actors that comes next.
The Age of Actresses from Siddons dates,
But did the same from Crawford, Clive, and Yates,
At Shuter, Parsons, Sueti, laughs alike,
And all of them but for the moment strike.
Even when Pope or Holman rants and tears
Thinks each in turn the very first of Play'rs.
And as the Players judges, so the Plays,
The Patron equally of ev'ry Bayes:
His raptures at the instant are the same,
If it from Shakespear, or from Murphy came,
Whether the wit of Sheridan he hears,
Or gibb'rish of O' Keefe assails his ears.
Dupe to the Stage, the Pulpit and the Bar,
Facilio is whatever others are;
Follow'r of ev'ry Will-o-whisp's false fire,
Each Giant's Page, and each Knight Errant's Squire;
A human Shuttlecock from hand to hand
Quick here and there for every one to band;
A flimsy thing of cork and feather made,
This light, his heart, that lighter still, his head.

Backward and forward driv'n about by all,
 He's any thing but an Original;
 His Character in one word to have done,
Ev'rythingarian to every one.

Take next my Muse the opposite extreme,
 A thorough-pac'd staunch Stickler be thy theme;
 And as the former all directions rang'd,
 This never chang'd, or thought he never chang'd.
 Philaster is a Tory—I presume,
 Because he first read Clarendon or Hume;
 Had he with Burnet or Macauley met,
 He'd been a Whig perhaps, and may be yet.
 These he calls Principles, which are no more
 Than first impressions that by chance he bore.
 On these their future arguments who found,
 Grossly mistake the building for the ground:
 Who calls them so, effects and causes blends,
 Makes *Means* of principles which should be *Ends*.
 But grant them principles—his practice thence
 In ev'ry instance has as little sense:
 As thus his principles he form'd, he goes,
 Still led in ev'ry action by the nose:
 Still by the former chance or fancy bit,
 He takes his politics from F— or P—

Who may, for ought he knows, turn Whig or Tory,
Just as it suits their private gain or glory.
Still true to those who are not true to him,
He follows foolishly his leader's whim;
Ign'rant of all *his* change from pride or pelf,
Constant to him not constant to himself,
Down from the measure dwindles to the Man,
Begins a Patriot, ends a Partisan.

So have I seen an insect of the sky,
Begin a grub, and end a butterfly;
Follow'ng the influence of the self same sun,
Through all the changes of the creature run;
The same, yet diff'rent, many a coat though cast,
The same poor animal from first to last—
Unconscious of the changes he goes through,
As B—s, or B—g—e, B—v—r—e, or C—e.

With these blind follow'rs must we G—— too place,
With less excuse I fear, so more disgrace?
No, we must give more credit to thy sense,
Less to thy weakness, or thy virtue thence.
Couldst thou with talents of such prospect stoop
To join thy fortunes with a desp'rate group;
Without thy Leader's prim'ry Sense or Art
Against thy Country play a second part?

An humble S— — —n of puny fize,
Not quite so mischievous, nor quite so wise,
To take up, could thy genius condescend,
The party cudgel by its dirty end?
To rake the kennel for the filthy wreath
That F— discarded as his fame beneath?
To take the refuse he refus'd before,
And brawl *within* while he's *without* the door*,
Thence in N— — — —d to raise a cry,
And from the *people* to the *rabble* fly?
Friend of the People art thou, and the Press?
Than these believe me nothing art thou less.
Friend of thy King? No. Of thy Country? No.
Friend of thyself? alas! of all the Foe.
—If taught by you, I with the Press make free,
That freedom claim'd for others grant to me.
Be these the shame, the boast of human kind,
Elsewhere we look, nor look in vain, to find.
Here, HERBERT, stand, and with thee Wyndham range,
Consistent most when most you seem'd to change.

* At the First Meeting for the Establishment of the Society called
"The Friends of the People," Mr. F— is said to have been actu-
ally hesitating at the outside of the door, while Mr. G— was
haranguing within.

Unnotic'd passing other phantoms by
Keep on your Country's form your stedfast eye,
Scorning with petty Partisans to mix,
On nothing, but the Constitution, fix:
True to true principles, not such as those
That govern H— — — D— — or R— —
Nor those of all in Freedom's false disguise,
Britain's mock friends, but real enemies,
Who though they may the voice of angels breathe,
The cloven foot of Satan shew beneath.
Your Country knows, and gives, the merit due
To men like Wyndham, Powys, Sheffield, you—
But Thee her favor'd Prince esteems the most,
Her present pride in this, in all her boast;
Thee whom no *private* friendship could incline
To sacrifice the *public* at it's shrine;
Thee whom not P—l—d's worth, nor E—k—e's law,
S— — —'s tricks, nor F—'s arts, could draw
From that true Patriotism the Prince which prov'd
His Country loving, by his Country lov'd.
May'st thou ne'er cease to meet without alloy
A Father's Fondness, and a People's Joy!
To know how greater than all other bliss
Applause like theirs to excellence like his;

That when the course of nature and of fate
 Shall take that Father, oh! may it be late!
 When of *thy* virtue only we may crave
 To stop the tears that fall upon *his* grave;
 When *he'll* a grateful People's *sorrow* prove,
 Then may'st *thou* find a gen'rous People's *love*!
 That People, led by Parties oft indeed,
 In times like these those Parties now will lead.
 When real danger to the State's in view
 We do not want from any Man our cue.
 In common cafes we submit our will
 To those who rule us, 'till they rule us ill;
 There is a point when each without control
 Acts for himself, and all act for the whole;
 When with contempt we look on Parties down,
 And on our foes with conscious virtue frown.

Some call'd you weather-cocks, and well they might,
 Like weather-cocks, you chang'd but to be right;
 While wrong and rusty weather-cocks were they,
 Where'er the wind who pointed still one way;
 Such T—l—r, W—b—d, L—t—n, out or in,
 Sticklers on principle through thick and thin:
 Such, HERBERT, such, yourself and I must grieve
 We are constrain'd e'en R—ff—l to believe;

By Nature right, as we have ever known,
He can be wrong by Prejudice alone.

Would he as once * before his Error find,
And shew as then a *wise* as *honest* Mind!

Continue still to prove that in the crowd
Of blind Adherents, Partisans avow'd,
Some yet there are of independent Soul,
With Sense and Spirit above base control,
Who will not stoop to follow those that lead,
How great foe'er, *whatever* be the deed;
Not e'en to F— surrender up their sense,
Nor give to P— unbounded confidence;
To look on either side like Justice loth,
And not like Janus, or D— — on both;
Thy balance upright Justice shall not fail,
So long as such Men hold the sacred Scale;
And you false Januses whoe'er you be,
You're doubly seen as well as doubly see.
A Jack of both sides although always in,
Seldom by either side's thought worth a pin.
Remember many a Trimmer's change ill-tim'd
The Biter's often bit, the Trimmer trimm'd.

* By withdrawing from the Society called, "The Friends of the People."

B—c—p gain'd *neither* having tried *two* ends,
 And J— — most was felt for by his Friends;
 What though his Patron bore the greater blame,
 The humble follow'r had his share of shame.

If Amphibena make, as fables say,
 Backward and forward both alike its way;
 And having from this end just lost a head,
 From that another quickly finds instead;
 Though thus on either side it turn at will,
 On both it hobbles on, or off, but ill,
 And though on neither quite it's progress fail,
 We laugh on both to see it *turning tail*.
 Amphibious creatures that alternate live
 In *either* element, in *neither* thrive;
 A Snake's an aukward crawler, aukward swimmer,
 Just so a clumsy, halting, half-pac'd Trimmer.

Remember E— — and beware his End!
 Who for some profit gain'd lost ev'ry friend.
 Say that his wife and children were his plea—
 I have as large a family as he,
 Less talents living to procure them bread,
 Less wealth to leave behind me when I'm dead;
 Yet would I not for all the world is worth
 My Patron serve, as E— — thou didst North—

Our ties of friendship, gratitude, the same,
Our Patrons each of equal, gen'rous, fame: —
Not so I trust will e'er be our return,
The day I leave him may I find my urn!
The father of those Coalition twins,
A monstrous birth compos'd of Outs and Ins,
Couldst thou, with all the barb'risin of a bear,
First lick thine offspring, then to pieces tear?
Place was thy price, to those who know the cost,
A — — gain'd not so much as E — — lost.
On t'other side the House from North misled,
When awkwardly you hung your silent head,
Too gen'rous North in the compassion shar'd,
And Fox in pity your confusion spar'd:
P — took the benefit, and gave the place,
His was the profit, E — —'s the disgrace,
A convert gain'd of whom he was ashamed,
And lik'd the Treason, but the Traitor blam'd.
True, the selection of the place was wise,
Ambassadors are all suspected Spies.
Hadst thou, too easy, unsuspicious North,
A friendly caution giv'n its proper worth!
Early thus caution'd, Oxford annals tell,
“ Beware of E — — for I know him well.”

So P— I caution you (if you can need
 A caution so superfluous indeed)
 If e'er you totter on your now firm throne,
 A— — will leave you—if not pull you down.
 A character there is between the two,
 Not staunch as Adam, nor as Wyndham true;
 Something between the parties Out and In,
 Neutral, when e'en Neutrality's a Sin;
 Thee chiefly T— —w here we now must place,
 With less than Lansdown's spirit, Loughbrough's grace;
 Such furly, cold, supineness who'll endure?
 Who's now not with us is against us sure.
 In vain with Bacon thee thy friends compare,
 Who all his faults, not half his virtues, share;
 At best thy fame to Bacon's ne'er could rise,
 Much worse than Bacon, and not near so wise!
 Where is the Blood of all the R—ff—s, where?
 B— —d I thought it would have mounted here!
 Here was a noble cause for noble blood,
 To shew mankind the *great* are still the *good*!
 To drown the senseless Democratic cry,
 And prove that Peers are friends to Liberty;
 Losing all selfish, Party, partial ends,
 Your God's adorers, and your Country's friends;

Our English stomachs that you scorn to drench
With draughts of deadly poison from the French;
The worth of our true Toleration know
'Bove the proud persecution of the Foe;
Our Freedom felt, 'bove what they Freedom call,
And all ~~our blessings~~ 'bove their curses all;
Our Faith with Reason, Rev'rence without awe,
Justice with Mercy, without Slav'ry Law,
Hind'rance of Crimes, of Injuries redress,
Our Liberty without Licentiousness,
Above the Atheism, Anarchy of France,
Sunk in her moral, civil, social, trance;
Under successive tyrants constant slaves,
With nothing common left them but their graves;
With no alternative for mortal breath,
But servile life, or ignominious death.

Becomes it N—f—'s once decisive Mind
Neither to follow, nor yet stay behind?
To doubt 'twixt L—d—'s weakness, Grenville's strength,
And Virtue late to follow, if at length?
Still wonted first to act the Patriot's part,
Couldst thou let Moira, Spencer, get the start?
Could N— —k in the patriotic race
Give Stormont, Leeds, Fitzwilliam, Carlisle, place?

When Portland's self, his other self, his friend,
 His life, his soul, must from his bosom rend;
 Will N— —k still the forlorn hope maintain?
 Friend to thy Country, or to F—— remain?
 With D—b—y, S—h—e, L—d—d—e, to prove
 A nation's curses, or with those its love?

Thus those to whom the partial fates dispense
 The rarer attributes of genuine sense,
 Want oft the greater blessings of the Mind,
 Its *virtues* with its *talents* both to find.
 It may be Nature's Justice to dispose
 Her sense to these, her principles to those;
 Of Men on Earth to keep the balance even,
 Lest both together bring him too near Heaven.
 In Cobham had the genius but shone forth
 Of Swift, or Sterne, or in them Cobham's worth:
 Had F—x or S— — —n, D— —s, or P—t,
 All P—l—d's worth, or P—l—d all their wit,
 As now these Wits, and those are Worthies, seen,
 They altogether then had Angels been.

Since these, and ev'ry Character whate'er,
 Have in their Influence o'er us each their share;
 Of Man to Man since 'tis the common debt,
 Example or to follow, or to set;

Seek we of these our best adapted way
That debt, which cannot be forgiv'n, to pay.
If such the outward Influence o'er the Mind,
That in itself it's source we rarely find;
To call forth all our caution, it remains,
What and from whom the influx that it gains.

The rapid stream, though genuine at its source,
Its kind and colour changes in its course;
And to its rise far less its virtue owes,
Than to the channels along which it flows.
While each successive intermediate soil
May either mend its quality, or spoil:
Whate'er its future excellence or fault,
By steel embitter'd, or impregn'd with salt,
Tinctur'd and tainted by the pervious plains,
Of its own nature less and less remains;
Till with the het'rogeneous mass it blends,
And in a poison, or a med'cine ends.
Thus Man, in all his commerce with the world,
Through all its chances, changes, may be hurl'd;
May something take from ev'ry one he meets,
The dregs of Nature drink, or cull the sweets;
Down to the worst may vary from the best,
Or stop in some gradation of the rest;

Find any where his place in Nature's plan,
Between the highest and the lowest Man;
May be like Louis blest, or Orleans curst,
The first of Men, of monsters or the worst.
All that neglect omits, that guilt denies,
That care provides, that accident supplies,
Jointly compose the volume of our Fate—
Let us revise, reform it, e'er too late!
Since from our fix'd design, or casual case,
We must determine in two worlds our place,
How take the step on which so much depends?
How shall the soul begin that never ends?
Tremble thou Mortal, blind who as thou art
In this advent'rous scene must take thy part—
That part, if not by caution chosen well,
How bad may chance allot it who shall tell!
Then all thy judgment, all thy prudence use,
The means of all thy good, or ill, to chuse!

END OF EPISTLE IV.

EPISTLE V.

A R G U M E N T.

Address to INDEPENDENCE—Character of—Perfect INDEPENDENCE not in Human Nature—Its Counterfeits—In Politics—In Party—Patriotism most consistent with Monarchy—Our Limitation of Monarchy—Use and excellence of it—Illustrated.

INDEPENDENCE compared with, and preferred to, the Heathen Deities—The Honours due to it—its extensive nature—Enquiry after it—Not in the Army—Investive against War in general—Exception—Expostulation with Modern Potentates—Social Love—Self-Love—Mixture of them the most that is to be expected—*Some* Passion universal, but no one particularly so—Modern Characters—Lord CORNWALLIS a Hero and a Patriot.

INDEPENDENCE not confined to Disinterestedness—Different Dependence—Examples of—Independence in Criticism as rare as in Composition—Illustrated by an Anecdote—Authors, not at first, but at last, justly appreciated—Examples of.

FAME—her Character—False, true—Present, future—Exemplified, illustrated.

True Philosophical Independence a Wonder—Traced through Mankind—In Morality—In Religion—Different Persuasions generally accidental—Toleration—Concluding Address to Lord CARNARVON.

EPISTLE V.

THE INDEPENDENCE OF THE MIND.

"Liber ego" unde qatun hoc sumus tot subdite rebus?

An dominum ignoras?——servitium acre

Te nihil impellit? nec quicquam extrinsecus intrat

Quod nervos agitet? sed si intus, et in jecore ægro

Nascuntur domini, qui tu impunitior exis?

PERSIUS.

WHERE, Independence, where dost thou reside,
Far from the haunts of prejudice, and pride?
In what lone Mansion, what obscure retreat,
Lov'st thou to fix thy solitary seat?
In vain we seek thee on thy fleeting wings
Through crowds of people, or in Courts of Kings;
Thou hast no Court thyself, frequentest none,
Nor Slave, nor Tyrant, firmly stand'st *alone*:
Or, when thou movest, dost *alone* proceed,
Scorning alike to follow, as to lead;

Pursu'ft thy constant course with steady pace,
Above the pride or prizes of the race :
Nature's, and Newton's, first great law is thine,
" Firm rest, or motion in the same strait line,"
Uninfluenc'd, uninfluencing still,
Choosing thine own, but leaving all their will ;
For State too honest, too sincere for Fame,
To Popularity known but by name—
Where art thou hid impervious to our eye ?
Native of Earth, or only of the Sky ?
Whence Pegasus to Mortals here descends,
Thy winged messenger to work thy ends ;
That like thee spurns the sordid Earth beneath,
For air too pure for Mortals mere to breathe.
Free as thou art, thou canst not sure be found
Mixing with Men as grov'ling as their ground ;
With specious, proud, ambitious, sordid slaves,
And all the other various names for Knaves.
Must we, here having sought it in despair,
Thy castle own—a castle in the air ?

On Earth thy worship, Heaven thy abode,
Thou art our nearest notion of a God ;
Since all our own perfections, bounded here,
Extended infinitely every where,

Give to the gross conceptions of our sense
Our best idea of a Providence;
In Heav'n alone thou art, not here below,
But in the abstract we thy myst'ries know;
All that we frame to elevate, and please,
In morals virtue, and in manners ease;
Justice with mercy, equity with law,
Religious, but not superstitious, awe;
Social restraint to civil freedom join'd,
Judgment with wit, with feeling sense combin'd;
Honour in sentiment, in reason truth,
Wisdom of age, ingenuoufness of youth;
Prudence with liberality in wealth,
In the mind sanity, the body health,
Taste uncorrupted, pleasure void of vice—
With these, and without any prejudice—
Thou art all these in one, as they're *describ'd*;
Not as they *are*, corrupted here, and brib'd;
Then art thou but a creature of the brain,
That genius fancies, and that Poets feign,
Such, such as in Britannia we explore,
Our fathers deified, and we adore!

Thou art not that vain idol of the crowd
Loud in their own, and in thy praises loud,

Though call'd like thee, like thee in truth no more
Than idols like the God that we adore :
Of ev'ry party the exclusive claim;
Of ev'ry faction the pretended aim;
On flags and favours of all colours worn,
By ev'ry bravo, ev'ry hireling borne;
Ev'ry false Courtier's, and mock Patriot's boast;
The profligate's pretence, the drunkard's toast;
By ballad-fingers bellow'd to the throng,
Drift of the speech, and burden of the song,
From the high Senator's seditious din,
Down to the dirty doileys of an Inn—
And as in scorn of honour, and in shame,
E'en Jacobins dare prate about thy name.
By friends and foes promiscuously address'd,
But claim'd the most, where still the least possess'd.
Of all thy laurels thou hast not one twig
For patient Tory, or impatient Whig;
For either the Knave out of place, or in,
For either Jacobite, or Jacobin.
Partisans what they please may Patriots call,
Patriots alone are constitutional.
Let those who on this triple ground rely
Aristocrats, or Democrats, defy,

Royalists, Ministerialists, despise,
All their own friends, their Country's enemies,
—Odious distinctions! let no name exist
Henceforth but one—a Constitutionalist.
Atheists may still themselves Freethinkers call,
Lev'lers pretend they're Independents all,
Plund'ers for Patriots, Slaves for Freemen pass,
The Lion's skin be worn by every ass;
Be't Independence thine own Muse's task
From all thy counterfeits to tear the mask!
Thou know'st thy vot'ries are the vot'ries true
Of rule on Earth, and rule in Heaven too;
In an immortal God above Believe,
And ev'n a mortal King below receive—
A King, who just that portion owns of might
His subjects give, nor claims a better right;
Not more, with Filmer, less, with Paine, than Man;
Key-stone of social Architecture's plan,
Form'd of the same materials with the rest,
Above them plac'd, but to support them best,
Once plac'd, with danger to the whole remov'd,
As we ere now, and France still more hath prov'd!
Why did the Ancients deify such crowds
Of vice and virtue jumbled in the clouds?

Courage in Mars, and in Apollo sense,
In Herc'les strength, in Merc'ry eloquence,
In Bacchus drunkenness, in Venus love,
In Plutus interest, and all in Jove ?—
Why deprecate the frowns, implore the nods
Of all their Major all their Minor Gods ?
Why think they never could adore enough
Penates, Lares, and such Household stuff ?
Yet Independence thee their Heav'n refuse,
At once a Grace, a Goddess, and a Muse ?
—The Ancients never of thee even heard,
Of **Independence* had not ev'n the word.
To thee alone this triple honour's due,
Equal'd by none that art, and known to few ;
Becom'st the Monarch better than his crown,
Its robe the Senate, or the School its gown ;
More than his sword the Soldier dost adorn,
The Judge than ermine, than the Prelate lawn.

* The *liber* of the Stoics had the nearest to this meaning, as appears in the motto of this Epistle, and throughout the Sixth Satire of Persius, written to illustrate the Stoical tenets, and particularly this of absolute Independence, their profession indeed, but not their practice.

Not free alone from int'rest, but from pride,
 From each base passion, each mean vice beside;
 Free from ambition, prejudice, and pelf,
 And all the complicated charm of *self*!

If to our wond'ring eyes thus truly shown,
 Who then shall dare to claim thee for his own?
 Shall the rude Warrior? who in iron car
 "Cries havoc, and lets slip the dogs of War;"
 Who weeps not a World conquer'd, but complains
 Another World to conquer not remains!
 What is that trade of War wherein the boast
 Of him is greatest who doth mischief most;
 Shocking pre-eminence, where he presides
 The first, the last in ev'ry thing besides!
 Thou inverse virtue! paragon of ill!
 Amongst the fallen angels worship'd still:
 Thou second Satan, that delight'ft in blood,
 And cry'ft with him, "Evil be thou my good!"
 If there's degree in cursing, Oh! how curst
 Is he in Heaven who on Earth's the worst?
 To what extreme perdition must be hurl'd
 Thy wretches, France, that war against the world!
 While, if in War honour may be, and sense,
 'Tis this the world makes in its own defence—

Nor self-defence alone for War doth call,
Self-preservation, self-existence, all;
Our Hearths, Thrones, Altars, of no Household God,
Of Providence himself, direct the rod:
Sympathy summons, Nature points the way,
Heaven commands, and shall not Earth obey?

Ambition is but the worst sort of Pride,
Cæsars and Alexanders stand aside,
Ye fought not Heroes, let the Muse speak true,
To serve the world, but make the world serve you.
Thou Francis, Fred'ric, Catherine, and all
Who rise on Turkey's, or on Poland's fall;
Who restless, discontented with your own,
Divide between you Stanislaus's crown;
Know that from merit far, far e'en from Fame,
Increase of Empire is increase of shame;
While Stanislaus more truly great is found
Exil'd at Grodno, than at Warsaw crown'd.
Hear me, ye Ministers of Justice, hear!
(Of such an honest truth where is the fear?)
If Potentates, but Heav'n avert the chance!
Your same ambitious views extend to France;
If your dissembled project should be less
To aid the virtuous, than the free oppress;

If in pretence of Liberty, of Laws,
The Pris'ner's rescue, and the Exile's cause,
The secret end of all your treach'rous toil
Partic'lar plunder be, and selfish spoil;
If Princes, all, or either of you, dare
Form the base project Britain scorns to share;
To THEE I say, and all the good agree,
Thou art a TYRANT, but may France be Free!
Though social call'd, if selfish thy design,
The fate thou meditat'st to France be thine!

Since, INDEPENDENCE, then the very Fame
Meant to confirm, destroys, to thee the claim;
And since the Hero, who with all his pains
Robs others of thee, not himself obtains;
By Money bought not, and not forc'd by Might,
Who else shall prove to thee a better right?
Shall the sly Statesman who makes thee his theme,
To hide each artful trick, each selfish scheme?
The brawling Orator who in thy praise
Means not thy glory, but his own to raise?
The Lawyer or Physician who make thee
Still their pretence, yet think but of their fee?
Amongst these subtle Statesmen, Warriors bold,
Loud Orators, now boasted, or of old,

Amongst them all, how rarely one we find
Not for himself who acts, but for his kind!
'Tis well, to *private* int'rest, pride, or fame,
And *public* good, whene'er the way's the same;
But when they differ, then the diff'rence seen
Self-love and social, that exists between.
All have their selfish, some their social, ends,
The best the selfish with the social blends.
No, Young, no universal passion's Fame,
All have some passion, but not all the same.
Nay in one man one passion rules not still,
Cæsar himself's not constant to his will;
Forgets awhile his wonted love of arms,
Lost in the love of Cleopatra's charms;
The lust of pow'r to lust of pleasure yields,
And Venus Egypt from Minerva shields.
FRED'RIC the GREAT for glory fought and sway,
Fred'ric the *little* fights for paltry pay;
Marlbro' for both—but just and gen'rous fame
CORNWALLIS still shall raise thy Patriot name;
Who in the midst of conquest still withstood
The private passion for the public good;
Tempted by int'rest, by revenge, by all
The Hero's glory, and the Conqu'ror's call,

The Soldier for the Patriot laid aside,
Curb'd thine own hand, and check'd thy proper pride,
Sheath'd the drawn sword, from the raz'd walls refrain'd,
And of the foe more than a conquest gain'd ;
Shew'd us one Hero above pride or pelf,
Who for his Country fought, and not himself ;
Took the sole way, by independent deeds,
To gain the fame that follows, not that leads.

No, INDEPENDENCE, thou dost no more bless
Those who despise, than those who wealth possess.
There are with all their wealth the Public rob,
Avaro still is anxious for a job ;
More than enough though having, wanting more,
Int'rest on int'rest adding, store to store,
Whether the *means*, a Road or a Canal,
'Tis the same *end* of Int'rest still in all.
From Av'rice free *this* is Ambition's slave ;
That no ambitious, but a sordid, Knave.
This boasts above vile Int'rest that he soars,
—Int'rest is not the Idol he adores ;
But there are other Idols full as bad ;
Chatham car'd not for Money—would he had !
England had been more rich, more happy far,
Chatham's, not England's, fame demanded war.

Men by their vices, than their virtues, more
Are judg'd—is it that greater is the store?
Ambition of great Minds is still the vice,
Of foolish Pride, of little Avarice.
Of great men Int'rest is the rarest guide,
Fewer are led by Av'rice, than by Pride;
With the two Rival Statesmen of the day
Does Av'rice, or Ambition bear the sway?
One by the bounty of his friends is fed,
And wealth's the last thing in the other's head.
Pult'ney would take no gold, he might as well
As his fair fame for a proud Peerage sell.
Unlike thine, HERBERT! Pult'ney's hireling heart,
He took the Peerage first, and then, the part;
While you, with honest pride at least, instead
The Honours took that follow'd, not that led.
Else, HERBERT, had I ne'er this praise bestow'd,
'Gainst Thee, as * Akenfide 'gainst Pult'ney, loud.

These failing, Independence, shall the *Bard*
Attain thy summit to attain so hard?
No, thou art higher than Parnassus plac'd,
By Praise not purchas'd, nor by Flattery grac'd.

* In a very fine satirical Epistle, supposed to be Akenfide's, but for some bad reason, certainly no critical one, omitted in his Works.

Bards that have reach'd, though rare, Parnassus' top,
 Short of thy summit have been forc'd to stop.
 Virgil and Horace blush, great else foe'er;
 Yet even *Ye* not independent were;
 Or had not stoop'd to play the Flatt'rer's part,
 To prove e'en Poetry no honest art;
 Mecænas with all earthly pomp to praise,
 And e'en to Heav'n itself Augustus raise.

WARTON, you independent Critics are,
 As independent Authors, full as rare;
 If any Work to public fame aspire,
 Not *what* it is, but *who's*, the world enquire.
 A work, just as a watch, they falsely judge,
 And only ask if made by Burke, or Mudge.
 According to the name that owns the line,
 'Tis execrable stuff, or vastly fine.
 If even I could borrow some great name,
 Such stuff as mine might catch a spark of fame.
 In wit as wine alike the vulgar taste
 So vicious grows, worth oft is only waste.
 —At a bad Inn engag'd with friends to dine,
 I sent the Landlord in some Port of mine.
 One could not drink Inn wine, he said, the rest
 Found each the fault his fancy suited best;

With some 'twas *new*, with others *stale*, to some
'Twas *tasteless*, *sour*, or *sweet*, or *brew'd at home*.
It's faults so great, so various, you'd have thought
That from Pandora's Box itself 'twas brought :
Worse than that Box was my unlucky bin,
For the *same* wine had ev'ry *diff'rent* sin.
Next day the self same party din'd with me,
One cried, " This Port is something like, I see,
They smack'd their lips, and relish'd every drop ;
Nothing was heard but " Charming stuff, tip top !
" After such wine as yesterday's vile fort,
" What comfort 'tis to drink this fine old Port ! "

But though 'tis often thus, some still are found,
HERBERT, like thee, of Taste and Judgment sound ;
If chance one time some little merit stamp
With ill-earn'd praise, or some great genius damp ;
Spite of the unjust credit or disgrace,
Each soon or late will find his proper place.
Though Shakespear, Otway, Dryden, Butler, Gay,
In turn the world neglected in their day ;
Tardy, but true at length, ungrateful Fame
Too late for use, though not for glory, came ;
Too late to serve themselves, in time though still
To serve Mankind, which chiefly was their will.

Not even Johnson's envy, Johnson's fame,
 Could raise a worthless, sink a worthy, name;
 Known are his petty Poets now no more,
 His outcast Churchill still read o'er and o'er.
 Thy Father Thames still Gray shall be rever'd,
 His child Irene when no longer heard!
 Time will, nay does already, Johnson call
 A partial Critic, and no Bard at all.
 Of each Posterity shall justly say—
 "Johnson the Moralist! The Poet Gray!"
 Already sunk are all their Theobalds, D' Urfys,
 And soon must sink our Haleys, Pratts, and Murphys.
 The Crown to me, and Anstey*, Miller gives
 Is not of laurel that for ever lives.
 Tickle already grieves a transient name,
 "The Wreath of Fashion" finds no wreath of Fame.
 Pope's Eloisa, Jerminham, how hard,
 Born long before, outlives, thine Abelard!
 The Chaplet Darwin wove of ev'ry flower
 May die, like its own Ketmia†, with its hour;
 Part after part, the whole so long delay'd,
 The first forgotten, e're the last is made;

* At Bathcaston.

† Corruption of "κατα μίαν" subaudi 'ωραν. Flower of an hour.

Science and taste so join'd, the specious mass
For both, with dabblers in them both, may pass—
With just enough of each for Bards to praise
The Botany, and Botanists the lays :
In the same strain the self-same image shines
Through the smooth surface of some thousand lines ;
When of his Poem all is said and done,
It is one fine Idea—and but one—
To gain a lasting name in vain tries K—x
The press, the pulpit, and perhaps the stocks.
Lib'lers, or Sycophants, in vain ye strive
By slander, or by flatt'ry, long to live !
Not, as for fashion, we for fame resort
To the seditious Club, or servile Court ;
No, Independence, thou dost scorn alike
To crouch beneath the sceptre, or the pike !

Fame, to thy feather what a breath conveys
The flimsy flutt'rings of our blame or praise !
Poets who feign Parnassus thine abode
Should give its double height a double road :
To *this* by claws the grov'ling mortal clings,
That the immortal genius gains on wings.
Thy twofold Temple of thy two-fold Hill
On each a sep'rate emblem carries still ;

This, thy light vein which every puff distorts,
Round all the compass in a moment sports;
That thy firm sign, less changeably which moves,
More certainly thy true direction proves.

At first, with credit, rarely worth keeps pace,
But art, chance, circumstance, gives each his place.
Dulness! that dost unask'd too oft assist,
Aid me to sing, or say, thy favour'd list—
Folios by friends, Pamphlets by Parties puff'd,
Plays clapt at Houses by their Authors stuff'd;
Divines receiv'd with laurel, or with birch,
As issuing from Conventicle, or Church;
Tracts servile, or seditious, sunk or rais'd,
As these by Lev'ellers, those by Courtiers, prais'd;
Speeches ne'er spoken; Journeys never gone;
Tales only told; Adventures all but done;
Hist'ries, of jokes, like Smollet's Novels, full,
Novels in turn, like Smollet's Hist'ries, dull.
Discourse on Books from Courts, on Life from Schools;
Tactics by Cowards; Sciences by Fools;
Manners from Libertines, from Liars News,
Truths from the Stables, Morals from the Stews;
Flights, from the Fleet; Finances, from the Bench;
Philosophy, and Freedom—from the French!

Characters, giv'n by those themselves had none,
Epitaphs, that as well suit any one;
Portraits good Painters to bad Poets give,
And Lives of those who nothing did—but live;
Volumes protected by a neat vignette,
Works that are sanction'd—by a certain set—
The Imprimatur given to their grubs
By certain Circles, Coteries, or Clubs!
Success anticipated, Sale forestall'd,
And ev'ry Copy an Edition call'd—
—The Arts of Authorship! The tricks of Trade!
The Pow'rs of Typographical Parade!
All that his *Archetype*, the *dew'l*, can do,
To make an evil Genius pass for true!
Yea, the great Press itself, and all that's in't,
Pride, Pomp, and glorious Circumstance of Print!
Shall all, the baseless fabrics of the Mind,
Dissolve, and leave us not a wretch behind!
Few from themselves strait to the public fly,
These on a Curl, a Dennis those rely—
Critics and Booksellers your only friends,
Soonest to gain the fame—that soonest ends;
The notic'd first, are first unnotic'd past,
While the fame last begun, shall end the last.

For diff'rent times how diff'rent is the claim,
 How small for present, great for future, fame!
 How many a rival's *hour* of fame was run,
 Ere, Homer, thy *whole æra* was begun!
 How infinitely greater, Thou, and more,
 Didst *after* stay, than they began *before*!
 Crowds after crowds thus find an early doom,
 While Virgil's Laurel * thrives still on his tomb.

Fame, true to Merit, follow'ng, soon or late,
 Is to the Mind, what to the Person Fate,
 Fame is the shadow of the substance worth,
 Seen surely when the Sun of Truth shines forth.
True Fame, the Soul, and *false*, the Body seems,
 This soon decays, but that for ever beams;
 And like them too—one to advantage most
 Survives, and rises, when the other's lost.

When we reflect how few there are indeed
 Write from themselves, or for themselves who read;
 Of those who think at all, how few think right;
 A justly thinking Man's a marvel quite.
 A Philosophic, Independent Man,
 Is such a wonder as the Bard's black swan†.

* A literal fact recorded by Travellers in Italy.

† — Nigroque simillima cygno.—Hor.

A Bird that is in Nature, tho' 'tis rare,
Pennant will tell you that black swans† there are—
If not impossible, as Horace cries,
Yet still amongst the first of Rareties—
Pardon I ask of you high classic men,
We're better Nat'ralists than they were then.

Trace most Men from the cradle to the grave,
What is the INDEPENDENCE that they have?
Man's life hangs on the Sisters' threefold thread,
His Mind hangs only on one single shred.
His Body long indeed doth helpless lie,
His Mind's for ever in its Infancy.
Still to its native station timid clings,
Or leaves it only under leading-strings;
And then, perhaps, so often led astray,
Better in imbecillity to stay!
It is a melancholy truth to own,
Few Minds gain ever strength to go alone:
It follows, as to most of us, from thence,
Children we are of Prejudice, not Sense;
Who in our destination have no voice,
But change or fix, alike by chance, not choice.

† *Cygnus niger*, just found in the Southern Isles. — NAT. MAG.

Whose habits most to accident are trac'd,
Foundlings who take our names from where we're plac'd.
What we Morality, Religion, call,
Are often merely geographical.
The Man who is a Tyrant in the East,
In Britain free, in modern France a beast;
In Spain or Rome a Bigot, and of course
A Persecutor, or if ought there's worse;
In Barbary Barbarian, Turkey Slave,
Arabia Robber, or in Austria *brave*;
Miser in Holland, or in Denmark Sot—
In short throughout the various world—what not?
Change but their places might be all the same,
Clime, Law, Example, not the Man's to blame.
On what does oft Religion's self depend?
The Country where we're born, or where we end.
The Child conceiv'd, alter his natal place,
You alter his belief, his faith, his grace.
Where is of place the independent Man
Would not a Gentoo be in Indostan?
In Turkey a Mahometan? In Greece
Of the Greek-Church of the Peloponese?
A Puritan in Holland—and no less
In China what in China they profess.

At Athens born, a Heathen worshipper;
At Otahcite, an Idolater;
One of the ancient Natives of the Nile,
A Snake had worshipp'd, or a Crocodile;
In Persia an Adorer of the Sun,
In France of all Religions, or of none.
Shew me the highest Pontiff, proudest Priest,
Who would not be a Bramin in the East;
A Druid in old Britain live and die,
A Soothsayer in ancient Italy—
A Socrates or Cic'ro it must want,
To see through Roman and Athenian cant;
To see, and wonder, with sincere grimace
Soothsay'rs could look each other in the face;
To laugh at Jupiter's pretended nod,
And look through Heathen Idols up to God.
Nay more, to place so perfect the respect,
Christians alike take locally their Sect.
According to his birth he will become
Protestant here, or Catholic at Rome.
Stage after stage a fresh Persuasion forms,
Papist at Mentz, or Lutheran at Worms.
And subdividing him still farther down,
In diff'rent Towns, or diff'rent parts of Town,

An Unitarian in Old Jewry view,
Moorfields a Methodist, Duke's Place a Jew;
At Warrington a deep Socinian grows;
At Bedford settled a Moravian goes;
At Birmingham a four Dissenter turns;
At Oxford nurtur'd a High-churchman burns.
E'en the same Man will sometimes, changing place,
Let his Religion with his steps keep pace;
We've seen a Papist at St. Omer's bred
Turn Protestant when to St. James's led,
And may, if he should go hereafter South,
Like Nugent die with wafer in his mouth—
Who then feels confident in either place
His own would not have been the self-same case?

From hence this lesson let all Churchmen know,
There are no Heretics, or all are so.
No Faith is Catholic—how dare they call
That *catholic* acknowledg'd not by *all*?
In faith, morality, truth, reason, sense,
Conscious of Protestant pre-eminence,
Still let us learn the Charity we teach,
Our own Faith choosing, grant his choice to each.
All this should shew us, if there's ought that can,
Infallibility is not for Man;

In all our confidence that we're the best,
Should teach us Toleration to the rest :
Who have the paths of Persecution trod,
Far from good men, are farther still from God.

Give me the Man of an enlighten'd Mind,
A heart enlarg'd, feeling and sense combin'd ;
To passion or to prejudice no slave,
No Dupe to others, and himself no Knave ;
Not push'd about by ev'ry chance or change,
Round the rotation of all fancy's range,
Without the rudder of his Reason bore
By ev'ry wind and wave from shore to shore,
Helpless, by ev'ry meeting tempest tost,
At first bewilder'd, and at last quite lost ;
No pipe for fortune's finger to play on,
To touch what stop she pleases, or touch none,
And from the highest to the lowest note
Through all her gamut run with rapid throat :
Give me but such a treasure to possess,
Taste to know how that treasure to care ;
Make him to me, and me to him, that friend,
Nature will then have answer'd all her end,
And I will wear him, HERBERT, next my heart,
As I do thee, in friendship ne'er to part.

EPISTLE VI.

A R G U M E N T.

Appeal to Education—Invention to French—General Council
 action between France and V. general Nature—Benefit of Edu-
 cation in both—Injury from the want of it—Still more than the
 protection of it, which is the chief cause of the excess in France
 —Address to the French Academies—Education in France more
 different than Nature, in Man—Character of the Duke of
 Orleans.
 General Council retained—Exposition of
 common effect of Education—Parallel between Henry V. and
 Prince of Wales.
 General Council concluded—Early Education—Address
 of 4 letters—Influence of letters—Bad effects of the work
 pictures exemplified—The modern school—Character of
 day—in anecdote—Conclusion.

A R G U M E N T.

Appeal to Education—Invocation to Reason—GENERAL COMPARISON between Human and Vegetable Nature—Benefit of Cultivation in both—Injury from the want of it—Still more from the Perversion of it, which is the chief cause of the excesses in France—Address to the French Academicians—Education makes more difference, than Nature, in Men—Character of the Duke of Orleans.

GENERAL COMPARISON resumed—Continued—Exceptions to the common effect of Education—Parallel between Henry V. and the Prince of Wales.

GENERAL COMPARISON concluded—Early Education—Address to Teachers—Instruction of Infants—Bad effects of its being premature exemplified—The Modern Jesuit, Character of—Conduct—An anecdote—Conclusion.

INNOVATION TO KNOW
CIVIL

EPISTLE VI.

EDUCATION OF THE MIND.

'Tis Education forms the *common* Mind;

Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclin'd.

POPE.

WHAT Pow'r, what Genius, or what Muse to call?
Which of the Nine to ask, or whether all!
When Thou, O Education! prompt'st my lays,
Aid me Thyself in thine own proper praise.
What right, alas! have I to call on Thee,
Too little cultivated still by me?
Had I ere now more with thy laws agreed,
Thou wouldst not now forsake me at my need.
Without thine aid, I'll in thy cause stand forth,
And from the *want* of thee proclaim the *worth*.
Apollo and you Heliconian maids,
I leave to those who more deserve your aids;

Helpless, alone, no Scholar, if no Dunce,
I'll set my shoulder to the wheel at once :
Not Herc'les *self*, when our own labour fails,
With all his Labours aught in aid avails;
Not Merc'ry God of *Speech* can grant us Wit,
Unless as God of *Theft* by stealing it.
Classics forgive to Heathen Gods the treason,
Keep them yourselves, and give me only Reason;
No modesty forbids me these adore,
I but relinquish these to ask for more;
For fiction, fancy, ornament, and art,
Truth, nature, feeling, sentiment, impart.
No Inspiration's wanting to my task,
The attributes of Man are all I ask.
Reason! be thou my guide, direct my line,
No Muse thyself, but well worth all the Nine!
Reason! stand forward in thine own defence,
And with thee bring thine honesty, and sense.
Atlas, by whom the mental sphere is hurl'd,
Sun of Creation's intellectual world!
Grant me, unworthy of so worthy theme,
If not thy fiercer fire, thy brighter beam,
If not to thy full emanation known,
Some of thy genial warmth yet may I own!

Though not the ardent force to F— you give,
 Let me that less, for less abuse, receive.
 Be thou the Idol of each genuine song,
 Bright though not brilliant, though not lofty strong;
 So shall thy vot'ries by thine aid maintain
 Against Parnassus' Mountain, Reason's Plain;
 In spite of all Het'rodox * Horseley saith,
 Reason is not exploded e'en by Faith;
 Spite of all Bigots, Heretics, have done;
 Religion, Faith, and Reason, join in one.
 Thee and thy truth let lying Bards despise,
 By Thee we'll strive with them for virtue's prize;
 By Thee at least divided Empire claim
 With fictitious Poets in the Realms of Fame.

From Nature if the Infant first began,
 'Tis Education that must form the Man:
 Else wherefore is it, HERBERT, we descry,
 We're more alike when *born*, than when we *die*?
 To all the parts the nat'ral world contains
 A *likeness*, and a *diff'rence*, God ordains:
 A wonderful similitude we find
 Human between, and Vegetable, kind.
 In Vegetation Nat'ralists will grant,
 More's in the *cultivation* than the *plant*;

* In his Charge, 1790.

Diff'rence of care, of nourishment, of soil,
Its Nature cannot alter, but may spoil.
'Think you the root thrown carelefs on the ground,
A goodly tree is likely to be found?
One tree where rarer chance makes so to rife,
How many a worthless trunk corrupted lies!
'Tis so with Man, neglected left on earth,
He ne'er acquires, or ne'er retains his worth;
Unless his training with his Nature fuits,
Will yield no-profit, and produce no fruits;
Or if by chance, and untaught genius rear'd,
A Chatterton, or Savage have appear'd,
In them Instruction's ill fupplied by fenfe,
Can we for Wit with Principle difpenfe?
Admire we moft in them, or grieve we moft,
A head fo favour'd, or a heart fo loft?
Excites it not our pity more to find
In vain beftow'd fuch excellence of mind?
Such ill-directed fenfe that could not win
The greateft genius from the greateft * fin?
Had Chatterton in fame's capricious breath
Reward for vice through life, and guilt in death?
Ill fated Savage! robb'd of all thy fhare
Nature ordain'd thee of parental care!

* Suicide.

Ill fated Chatterton to turn astray
 From better Parents and a better way!
 In one *his Parent's*, one *his own*, the blame,
 In both their cause of mis'ry was the same,
 Want of Instruction, want of Virtue thence,
 Of Knowledge, Principle, of all but Sense.
 What Food is to the Body, such we find
 Is virtuous Education to the Mind;
 By chance, and scraps, subsisted, each may live,
 By regular supply alone can thrive:
 Hurt by defective, or pernicious, food,
 Neither the one or other can be good;
 By this the Body's starv'd, by that derang'd;
 By Education so the Mind is chang'd.

If such the ills from the Mind's mere *neglect*,
 From it's *perversion* what may we expect?
 If oft we trace the villain or the fool,
 To want of virtue's, or of wisdom's School;
 When, as in France, the School itself's design'd,
 To blunt the feelings, and the senses blind,
 Root out the Virtues from the heart and head,
 And plant the Vices only in their stead;
 What mis'ries may we dread mankind to curse!
 What mis'ries e'er we dread, we find far worse:

The worst he can, each has but to devise,
That will be it, or if another rise
Inventive of more evils than the rest,
Who worst forebodes of Prophets proves the best.
Yet all imagination here how lost!
How short of truth the Mind that threatens most!
No Genius, e'en of France, could e'er forebode
An infant babbling of A SELF-STYL'D GOD!!!
Nay more—so soon apt scholars evil earn,
Improve so much the lessons that they learn;
By one grand Paradox surpass the rest,
At once * *deny* a God, and yet DETEST!!!
—Here let us pause, and contemplate a theme
For truth too strange, too monstrous for a dream,
Let each call forth the sense at his command
This wond'rous Paradox to understand—
I own my failure, and thine aid request,
Whoe'er thou art, that can resolve it best.
Much, above Reason, I by Faith, think true—
This *contrary* to Faith and Reason too!
To me it is a myst'ry, to explore,
Would wound my feelings, make my senses sore;

* The words used in an address of an ACADEMY to the Convention.

If this, which thou so callest, France, be Light!
Of the Mind's eye, Oh! spare my aching sight!
If 'tis indeed a Sun at which I stare,
My eyes can neither see such light, nor bear.
A myst'ry 'tis that even should be said
Is too much to be fathom'd by my head;
That it should be *resolv'd, approv'd*, gives me
New notions of Impossibility!
Thoughts worthy the Philosophers of France
To their enlighten'd Follow'rs to advance,
But miracles and myst'ries without end,
Too fine for our gross sense to comprehend!
Nay, this they tell us, and they tell us true,
Theirs is a Sun not suited to *our* view;
In pity to our weakness they admit
Their objects not untrue, our eyes unfit:
If so, it follows nat'rally from thence
That they who find new lights, should boast new sense.

Search all the modern, ancient world, around,
A wonder such as this is no where found;
The darkest volumes of the darkest age
Rival not, France, thine Hist'ry's present page;
Through all Creation's, all Invention's, range,
Nothing we meet so strange, so passing strange;

Search all the Truths, the Falsehoods that we can;
The Bible, Talmud, or the Alcoran,
The Institutes of Timour, Gentoo laws,
Moon-ey'd Albinos search, or monstrous Craws,
The Oracles of Egypt, Greece, or Rome—
Short of thy wonders, France, all wonders come,
Or if like ought before, Apis*, forsooth
Like thine Orac'lar, fabled, fatal Truth,
Which those devoted wretches who declare
Too wond'rous find, too terrible to bear;
Whose Priestesses, just as thy vot'ries, France,
Saw their dire Idol only in a trance,
Big with the Fate that they alone descried,
Pronounc'd the fatal Oracle, and died.
Nay worse, ye Vot'ries, your more baleful breath,
As to yourselves, to all around, brings death.
Horrors that nought could make our Minds believe,
Nought but French lessons make a child conceive:
The wond'rous creatures with such quickness fraught
Have but improv'd the lessons they were taught;
Evil first taught to *speak*, to *think* it next,
The pliant infants, from their birth perplex,
Gain in the progress of their wit and will
This anticlimax of excessive ill;

* The Oracle at Memphis.——Luc. Supp.

Inverting vice and virtue, good and evil,
Blaspheme a God, and idolize a Devil.

Ye Spirits of ACADEMICIANS all,
Self-styl'd Philosophers, on you I call!
Ye D'Alemberts, Voltaires, Rousseaus, ye *few*
Who led the way the *many* now pursue!
Could ye your former *faculties* retain,
More than your former *virtues* could ye gain,
Could ye but, in your Purgatory, know
The evils that to you your country owe;
Could ye to feeling, as to sense, be brought,
Were ye of shame, susceptible, as thought!
Would you in honour wish, in sense believe,
Or would you not in pity rather grieve,
That those whom you conducted to the brink,
Should down the precipice so quickly sink?
No, not e'en you, though in yourselves their rise,
Could credit such excess of sin, and vice;
But, as to all *divine* perfections blind,
Would Sceptics be to *such* a *human* kind;
Though Infidels to Heav'n, would also be
Infidels to *such* Infidelity!
'Tis not your Nature, or if worse there is
Than your's, to be such foes to human bliss—
Things that love ill, love not such ill as *this*.

How diff'rent makes us difference of School!
Excess the Pedant, want of it, the Fool;
What to the *frame's* the deleterious bowl,
Bad principles infus'd are to the *soul*;
Clog'd with too much, or with too little cramp,
To both their tone by Moderation's stamp.
Not Orleans' self had, earlier, better taught,
With such *excess* of Infamy been fraught;
Had Education mark'd him for her own,
Not so much *worse* than others he had grown:
A vulgar Traitor, ordinary Thief,
A common Murd'rer, not of all the *Chief*;
Not first of Cut-throats, Leader of all crimes,
The worst of Monsters in the worst of times;
Extract of Evil, quintessence of Sin,
Blasphemer! Coward! Atheist! Libertine!
In whom the bad of all the bad agree,
Not one, but every Rogue's Epitomé;
Herod out-heroding, in blood so far
To shock e'en Manuel, and outdo Marat:
Exceeding all in all the Ill they've done,
A Regicide, and Parricide, in one.—
Of such a Relative, of such a King,
Congenial Saints might own, and Angels sing.

That Nature's pride in him so ceas'd to live!
That Nature's scourge in Orleans should survive;
Let it not shake for Providence our love,
But patient wait the issue from above:
In spite, Voltaire! of all thine impious jest,
Here good and ill commingle for the best.

It is in Plants precisely as in Man,
Some will, some will not, thrive, do all we can;
In both alike exceptions still there are;
These brave all caution, and defy all care,
While those in spite of ev'ry such defect,
Thrive in desertion, flourish in neglect.
Some favour'd Tree we've seen the Planter train,
Support by props with all his art in vain;
While those bare props themselves, imagin'd dead,
By chance have grown, and flourish'd in its stead.
So have we seen in spite of ev'ry art,
An unimproved head, an untam'd heart;
While, in defiance of all outward aid,
An untaught Mind spontaneous strides hath made.
In manners, as in Mind, a rule 'tis known,
That much by each to Education's own.
Some rare exceptions will in both arise,
With learning foolish, without learning wise;

Some whether bred in countries, or in towns,
Are born by nature Gentlemen, or Clowns:
Not all that Ch—t—r—f—d could do, or write,
He griev'd to think, could make his son polite.
Lumpy in courts though conversant and bred,
Shy as a country clown still hangs his head.
Sir Thomas from the Orkneys first arriv'd
Polish'd as if he'd at St. James's liv'd.
There are too good for any ill to spoil,
Too bad to be improv'd by any toil;
Such, Orleans, may have been thy monstrous heart,
Nature too bad to be improv'd by Art;
No pains thine innate vice had, chance, remov'd,
Born to be hated nought had made Thee lov'd;
While the fifth Henry spite of all the shade,
The thorns, the brakes, a Prince's path pervade;
Spite of insidious friends, companions vile,
Spite e'en of Falstaff's wit, and Falstaff's wile,
Like a bright sun through mists of follies past,
Emerg'd in all his genuine light at last.
—Ah! not the latest Prince to England known,
Once as concern'd, but now as proud, to own:
In dissipation once as Henry drown'd,
Rescued like him, to be like him renown'd!

Thou Prince hadst thy Sir John too to discard,
To part with not, as Falstaff, quite so hard!
From mists as thick emerg'd to equal light
At first as clouded, and at last as bright;
Proof 'gainst as many knaves, as many fools.
As low-liv'd instruments, as vulgar tools,
Chosen as ill as his with pain I tell,
With joy proclaim at length cast off as well:
Thou who hadst once of Orleans made a friend,
Couldst do no more than thou, renounce the fiend,
And in the wretch himself deceiv'd no more,
Burn the vile image you admir'd before.
Thine usual sense, unusual thine address,
Made thee alone so many foes suppress;
A whole Augean stable's filth did ask,
And found in thee, a Herc'les for the task.
Pursue great Prince thy path, *thou* ne'er canst fail,
More than another Henry *we* shall hail!
With gallant York, and Clarence, on thy side,
All of your Country proud, your Country's pride,
Go, of our Armies, Navies, lead the van,
Through God, to fight the cause of God and Man.
Still in the Infant be this mean maintain'd,
Neither neglected quite, or quite enchain'd;

The Mind is like the person, left at ease
Freely expands, and forms itself to please;
Crampt in its growth by early, outward force,
Its shape is alter'd always for the worse;
Restrain'd both dwindle, cease alike to thrive;
And live not—or had better not so live;
This neither strength, nor grace, nor beauty, shews,
But an uncooth, mishap'd excrescence grows;
That a worse spectacle presents to view,
Almost an Ideot, and a Monster too;
Matter and spirit mixt, without a plan,
A Caput Mortuum merely of a Man!

A Plant it is from tend'rest fibres grown
That best will flourish left at first alone;
Uncheck'd extends itself aloft in air,
Firm on its base, and in its prospect fair;
Safe and unhurt the elements it braves,
Bends with the blast, and with the whirlwind waves;
But check'd, it takes a thousand hideous forms,
The wreck of tempests, and the sport of storms;
Yet still requires from harm to be intrench'd,
From many a noxious creature to be fenc'd,
Guarded with virtue, innocence, and truth,
From the fell vermin that lie wait for youth,

By principles protected from surprize,
And train'd maturely, but not forc'd, to rise.
This do—and do as Reason's law demands,
Put sense instead of nonsense in their hands;
Put Nature, Truth, and History, instead
Of Phantoms, Dreams, and Ghosts, into their head,
Instead of Fairy Tales, Arabian Nights,
Tom Thumbs, Jack Giant-Killers, Genii, Sprites;
The early easy fancy seek to store
With Genlis, Berquin, Barbault, Trimmer, Moore;
For Nonsense is, it may be plainly shewn,
Harder to know, as well as worse when known;
Easier, and pleasanter, were Pope and Swift,
Than Newb'ry's Christmas Box, or New-Year's Gift;
And oft the stuff in Infancy we earn
Is youth's first, hardest, lesson to unlearn.
Farther advancing greater were the waste
Of sense unform'd, uncultivated taste;
Let then the lesson with the life advance,
As first we're taught to walk, and then to dance;
Of many a silly novel, paltry play,
Supply the place with Addison or Gay:
The Mind, by nature fertile, will produce
Noxious excrescencies, or fruits of use—

Untill'd, unfown, with sense's, virtue's, seeds,
It will be choak'd with folly's, vice's weeds :
But thus improv'd the person and the Mind,
A grateful Harvest in return we find ;
Thus cultivated growing we shall own
Men stronger, fairer, wiser, better, grown.

You too, ye Teachers, of yourselves beware,
As of your Children, of yourselves take care ;
Be firm, yet gentle, resolute, yet mild,
Be never in a passion with a child ;
Oh ! never strike an Infant ; strive to find
Your hold, not on his *person*, but his *mind*.
Neither in Morals, Manners, Mind, or Speech,
Shew any thing you do not mean to *teach* :
Example more than precept will produce,
Bad practice makes good lessons of no use ;
They imitate whate'er you say or-do,
And copy not so much your rules, as *you*.

Be this the parent's care, it has been thine,
HERBERT, and taught by thee it shall be mine,
The infant Mind to watch in early age,
By gentle genial methods to engage ;
To catch the eye before we try the tongue,
(Children may speak, as well as sing, too young)

To win the heart before we found the sense,
Amusement, ere instruction, to dispense;
Teach them to think, as move, by slow degrees,
Before they use their feet, to use their knees—
For they begin to lisp before they talk,
As nat'rally as crawl before they walk;
Of ev'ry virtue to ingraft the root,
"To teach the young Idea how to shoot,"
Neither too backward kept, that it be ripe
Before the Autumn's blight, or Winter's gripe,
Nor brought too forward, lest it come too soon,
Flow'r of an hour, to perish e'er life's noon.
Nature throughout this principle is true,
What is unseas'nable's imperfect too;
An equal Monster will the world deplore,
After its time which comes, or comes before.
"Soon come, soon gone," in both's a maxim known,
The longer blowing are the longer blown:
A Mushroom Scholar may be a surprize;
But early learners seldom late are wise.
Crotch, when an Infant, play'd a tune at will,
Now a Professor grown, he plays but ill.
Presto was quite a prodigy at ten,
But now is fit to go to school again.

At thirty-sev'n was Loyola a dunce,
 Then grew a Jesuit after all at once;
 Past through perfection to corruption thence;
 For Jesuistry is the abuse of sense.
 His *modern Follower*, as late to learn,
 (How poor the produce of what late we earn,)
 Like him too lost his early youth in arms,
 —Which makes him now so late to take alarms*.
 Soldiers his masters, Quarters all his schools,
 Fool amongst scholars, Scholar amongst fools,
 His early Senses drown'd at first with drums,
 As loud as they, and empty, he becomes:
 Motley Ideas from all countries ship'd,
 Language for which a school-boy would be whip'd,
 And would, had he like Loyola the whim
 To go to school again, be flogg'd like him†.
 His Mind as superficial as his face,
 This all Hypocrisy, that all Grimace:
 The two together forming his address
 Expressing nothing, nothing can express.

* His Lordship was one of those who from folly did not see, from courage did not fear, or from wickedness would not provide against the since demonstrated attempt which so justly caused the late alarm throughout these kingdoms.

† General Dictionary, Title, LOYOLA.

Aid me, Lavater, in the arduous task,
More than your art affords I fear I ask :
Which line to take when all lines-disagree,
How to judge ought where every thing we see!
Ev'ry ingredient mix'd with its alloy
To form a clumsy counterfeit of joy :
A lip relax'd with a contracted brow ;
A proud demeanour with an humble bow ;
Smiles without humour, laughter without mirth,
A compliment long lab'ring in its birth—
But brought forth prematurely at the last,
In words though slow yet for his thoughts too fast.
No Genius taking Genius by the hand,
Patron of Arts he does not understand ;
M—r—'s Law, or J—k—'s wit alike,
Himself without a grain of either, strike.
No Classic, yet for ever seen at Payne's ;
No Nat'ralist yet boasts of his friend Daines ;
No Magnetizer ! yet admiring still
Mesmer's or Maineduc's pretended skill ;
Wondering at Graham's, Katterfelto's, parts,
—For tricks with him will always pass for arts—
Though no Financier patronizing Price :
No great Divine, so fav'ring Priestley's rise ;

No Chymist yet with Watſon hand and glove;

No Moralift with Johnson quite in love.

With ſcarce of Lit'rature the A, B, C,

Loſt in the F. R. S. M. A. L. L. D.

In ſhort he plays, and badly plays, a part;

Diffimulation is no eaſy art.

With all the love of Learning, not the taſte;

A goodly Mind, how rudely run to waſte!

From want of cultivation all proceeds,

A fertile ſoil he is, but full of weeds.

Had faculties like his been better train'd,

The world a wiſer, better Man had gain'd.

—No end of ſuch a character's diſplay,

Inſtead of more deſcription take one trait.

A friend he had, that ſerv'd his various ends,

(For Partifans all call each other friends)

Through thick and thin had follow'd him, no doubt,

And never left him e'en when he was out.

By his own arts, or by his ſov'reign's grace,

From Oppoſition now come into place,

“ My friend,” he ſaid “ you know full well the love

I always bore you, and now mean to prove;

The drudgery of office I muſt bear,

But why ſhould you, my friend, that drudg'ry ſhare?

Places I have at my command, 'tis true,
Plenty, but none of them I think suit you :
Be rul'd by me, my Lord, accept no place,
Believe me 'twould be much to your disgrace ;
To you, my Lord, of all men in the nation,
" The post of honour is a private station."
His friend (who if he knew him not before,
Could not be dup'd and blinded any more)
Replied " Right with the bard so far you say,
But let me add, " when impious men bear sway,"
If this be hon'able for *me*, for *you*
I wonder any less than this will do.
Thanks for the lesson that too late I learn,
I will tell you a story in return—
A College Glutton ask'd a friend to dine,
Shew'd him his cellar stor'd with various wine ;
Here my Champagne, my Claret in that bin,
There my old Port in Sixty-three laid in ;
This my Madeira, that my Vin de Grave,
Such a High Steward, such a Chanc'llor gave—
Which will you have of all my various cheer ?
Come you shall taste, shall taste, of my *small Beer*.
The application I shall leave to you,
And so adieu, my lord"—my lord, adieu—

Your most—farewel, my lord—my lord farewel—
“ Who waits there, stay, pray let me ring the bell.”
But hold—these words remind me that to you
’Tis time for me, my lord, to bid adieu.
My story done—Oh ! that’s a fearful phrase,
I dread it may be fatal to my lays;
In diff’rent sense left as Othello cries,
“ You give me for my pains a world of sighs,
And say, ’twas strange, ’twas passing strange (that’s dull)
’Twas pitiful, ’twas wond’rous pitiful,
You wish you had not heard it”—but a truce,
I need not furnish forth my own abuse,
That task I leave to others, most to you,
Messieurs the Managers of each Review.
My story ended, ended be my verse,
My couples take for better and for worse ;
Still to your patience meaning farther force
I grant this separation—no divorce.

END OF EPISTLE VI.

dull)

EPISTLE VII.

A R G U M E N T.

Essential Character of MAN—Compared with the other works of Nature—Preferred—Difference between Men—Illustrated from other animals—Improvement how attained—The Didactic Muse—General Rules—Conscientiousness, or doing what we think right, all that is required of us—All beyond that is persecution—exemplified in France—Liberty—Licentiousness—Illustrated together from Nature—Persecution deprecated.

Fixed Principles—Charity apostrophized—Eulogized—Enquiry into the state of it in France—Lost there—Substituted by LIBERTY—True—False—Exhortation to France to resume her Charity—Self-examination—Result of it—Conclusive appeal.

EPISTLE VII.

PRINCIPLES OF THE MIND.

Mentem Mortalia tangunt.

VIRG.

W HATE'ER the diff'rence between Man and Beast,
Whether with Shakespear * most, or Priestley † least,
Whatever various Systems may aver
As Man's distinct, essential, character;
Whether Form, Reason, Laughter, Tears, or Speech,
An upright Countenance, or partly each;
The nearest truth resulting from the whole
Is this—Man has, but Beasts have not, a Soul,
This his *divine* distinction from the rest;
His *nat'ral* eminence that marks him best,

* How excellent a piece of work is Man!—HAM.

† A Materialist.

He of all animals endures alone,
The Frigid, Temperate, or Torrid Zone:
All, except Man, upon the earth that breathe,
That grow above it, or lie hid beneath,
The footed, feather'd, or the finny, race,
The Plant, the Mine, have each appropriate place;
To *him* o'er all the rest was giv'n control,
In ev'ry place the Sov'reign of the whole;
The only creature that alike is found
In ev'ry part of all the world around.
All other things are natives here, or there,
But Man alone's a native ev'ry where;
Within the circles born, or born without,
Or after 'twixt them chang'd at will about;
While Bears will die beneath the Line's control,
And Elephants will perish at the Pole.
The very Birds of passage only fly
From one, to seek a more congenial, sky.
Why wings the Stork his periodic way?
He there would perish if he there should stay;
From Lapland's hard, to Holland's humid plain,
His mansion leaves, his climate to retain;
Yet can he 'twixt the two extremes retreat
From Arctic cold to Equatorial heat?

No, each alike is hostile to his breath,
Whether here frozen, or there burnt to death.
Leviathans, though Monarchs of the main,
Eagles of air, and Lions of the plain,
Change but their climes, and you destroy them all;
So fail the strongest, so the mightiest fall!
All except MAN—Nature alone for MAN
Her bounds enlarges, and extends her plan.
A Swede in safety through the Cape will roam,
And bring a Hottentot in safety home;
Britons will cross, recross, the Sun's own track,
Bring a Lee-boo, or an Omiah back:
Negroes change Afric's heat, for Scotland's snow,
Scotchmen to Guinea—any where will go—
Abroad, oft better than at home, succeed,
And people India now, and now the Tweed.
Still doth the Sun's subservient Heliotrope
Fail as it fails, and as it's distant droop,
Bows like the Persian to the ray that burns,
But not like him from it's attraction turns;
While Slaves that now bend to a Persian sun
Will from it now to Nova Zembla run:
Whole tribes that at the Cape spontaneous thrive,
With all Donne's art in Britain scarcely live,

With their congenial Sun that native vie,
At Upsal ficken, at Archangel die.
The gold Pactolus' fultry shore expands
In vain we search through Iceland's frozen sands;
The pearl the Southern Ocean vomits forth
Seek we in ice-ribb'd regions of the North?
Persia's own gems, Peru's peculiar ores,
China's rich treasures, proud Golconda's stores,
With all the wealth of Ormus and of Ind,
In Europe's iron bosom shall we find?
Nature her other works thus circumscribes,
Her sev'ral stations gives her sev'ral tribes,
But MAN alone of all leaves unconfin'd
Pervading Earth in Body, Heav'n in Mind.

Not MAN howe'er from Beasts more differs, than,
By nature, and improvement, Man from Man.
A wise Man sure above a Fool is more
Than he above the well-known learned Boar;
A Scholar more will on a Dunce improve,
Than he an Orang-outang is above;
A Wit a Blockhead does as much surpass,
As he, his nat'ral name-sake does, an Ass;
Philosophers to Ideots not approach
So much as they on Elephants incroach;

The gen'rous not so near the fordid touch,
As they the Monkey hoarding in his pouch ;
Farther than Man from beast, than day from night,
Is the ingenuous from the hypocrite ;
The honest not so like the man of guile,
As he the falsely weeping Crocodile ;
Not the plain-dealer's to the impostor's heart,
As his to the Hyena's whining art ;
The active like the idle less than both
Are like th' industrious Bee, and lazy Sloth :
Sure more superior Newton is to Paine,
Than he to any beast that haunts the plain ;
Louis to Orleans sure, or Robespierre,
As they to Tygers is not half so near !

If such on Nature our Improvement shewn,
How that Improvement to secure our own ?
Here would I claim, Didactic Muse ! thine aid,
But these are themes no better sung than said ;
High dames, not maids of all work, are the Nine,
Scorning to take in plain work such as mine ;
In truth say, Bards and Critics, what you chuse,
There's no such thing as a Didactic Muse,
Instructions human, heav'nly are they ;
Learning to inspiration's not the way ;

Our Muse, if ought that's ours, is sure no Art,
At least she is its brighter purer part;
In the same rank we here together place
Murphy thy Chefs, or Somerville thy Chace!
For this vain purpose small the bounds descried
That Horace self, from humble Byshe, divide:
The Art of Poetry e'en (may I own?)
Has neither made a Poet, nor yet shewn;
Its taste will any that have taste deny?
Will they assert with Herd its Poetry?
So diff'rent, we must own in one the blot,
If that be Poetry—his Odes are not;
No, Horace, to attain, it was thy aim,
A Critic's here, as there a Poet's, name.
No diff'rence here we find 'twixt Pope and Creech,
A Genius cannot condescend to teach;
To elevate, enrapture, and surprize,
Raise us from earth, and waft us to the skies,
These are his province, aught than these that's wor
Can ne'er be Poetry, howe'er 'tis verse.
Pure Poetry alone is rarely own'd,
It scarce in Gray, much less in Pope, is found!
Poets in gen'ral creep by turns and climb,
'Twixt humble reason, and aspiring rhyme;

Poems for lit'rary Balloons may pass,
 Reason's the ballast, Poetry the gas;
 Where to the admiration of the world
 The weightiest matter by the lightest hurl'd;
 As in the mixture more of this, or that,
 Like Shakespear spirited, or Fenton flat.
 With matter thus and spirit join'd doth Pope
 Raise fact by fiction, argument by trope;
 Reason by illustration grows more bold,
 And truth by metaphor more nobly told;
 Lessons by similes more lightly taught,
 Rules mark'd by point, by figures doctrine caught:
 Thus is the happy mixture of them each
 Destin'd at once to captivate and teach,
 If not a brighter, thus a better thing,
 Like Pope to reason, than like Dryden sing:
 In the same favour if they have not stood,
 With the same mistress they together woo'd,
 To Dryden if Cecilia gave her hand,
 O'er common mortals Pope boasts more command;
 Where the pure Muse one truly tastes, a crowd
 To the mix'd Muse and Moralist have bow'd.
 Plain naked truth then needs no flow'ry vest,
 So take it unadorn'd, if not undress'd—

CARNARVON, *first*, to make Men *think* at all,
Is of all Rules we know the principal ;
The *second*, of as much importance quite,
To make them, when they think at all, think *right* ;
The *third*, and ev'ry thing for Man is done,
To *do* what they think right, and that alone.
This the prime principle our Nature knows,
He Man mistakes farther than this who goes ;
Not more absurdly the attempt would strike,
To make Men *be*, than make them *think*, alike.
Not worse the Folly late to France that came,
To make all equal, than all think the same—
For this thy sword, O! Mahomet, was vain ;
Useless for this thine Inquisition, Spain !
For this, with both, the pikes of Paris vied,
More cruel, to as little purpose tried.
If they succeed not, Reason, by thy word,
In vain, Brutality, they try thy sword !
Not all the pow'r of all their savage swarms
Can force opinion by the strength of arms :
Lay all your persecuting plans aside,
In vain are all your barb'rous efforts tried ;
All Subjects else if, as your own, you mince,
You may *destroy* the world, but can't *convince*.

In vain still bearing in your hands, your tongues,
The *Rights* of Man—but in your hearts the *Wrongs*!

'Twas ne'er the Tree of Liberty that stood
Planted by pow'r, and nurtured by blood ;
Or if it was that Tree in early growth,
Oh ! in its age how alter'd from it's youth !
Still as the Tree of Liberty hath sprung
The weed Licentiousness hath round it clung,
Hath Parasitic, like *Cuscuta* *, crawl'd,
(*Cuscuta*, justly of the Devil call'd)
Dried up its sap, its vegetation cramp'd,
Clogg'd all its efforts, all its vigour damp'd ;
From the first inj'ry to its tender shoots,
Strangled its stem, and undermin'd its roots ;
Till the Tree, cover'd, choak'd, corrupted, dead,
Its Parasite, that kill'd it, thrives instead :
Though first it boast thy strength, Laocoon, all,
Round doth this climbing, clinging, serpent crawl,
Till strong howe'er that Tree at length must fall.

'Tis rather sure, that fabled Upas † like,
All who approach'd it found with death to strike,

* *Cuscuta Europæa*, Devil's Bit.

† The Poison-Tree in the Isle of Java, to gather which the capital criminals were sent, of whom not one in a hundred escaped with their lives.—Recorded by Darwin, and what is as surprising as the tale itself, believed, or at least doubted of, by him.

That sheds its baleful influence around,
And brings its fated follow'rs to the ground.
Like it the more, as France hath sorely rued,
Since both are but by Criminals pursued.
In spite of all that lumping Lev'ellers say,
For this Procrustes found the only way;
A diff'rent bed of Torture each prepare,
First cut men down—then say they *equal* are.
All these no matter by what name we call,
In substance are but Persecution all—
Thou doubly cursed! doubtful if a curse
Or to thine objects, or thine authors, worse,
Not doubtful yet—these less by thee perplexed,
Than those, as this life shorter than the next;
These suffer but the pains of this short world,
Those are for ever to Perdition hurl'd.
Oh! if my Country thou wouldst stand, beware
Nor to bring Persecution, nor to bear;
But rather, if of either there be need,
To fail without, than with it to succeed;
Trust rather to thy Reason, Virtue, Laws,
Trust to thy God, and to thy righteous Cause!

Such Principles as these we must instil
To mark the outlines for our acts to fill,

Rules are not fram'd appropriate to each Cause,
Nor for all single cases single laws ;
As one bright flow'r produces many seeds,
One Principle is worth a thousand deeds.
Fix'd Principles are Suns that never change,
Actions their Planets that around them range.
Whatever thought come in whatever light,
First ask thyself this question—is it right ?
If that can be, it rarely is a doubt,
A certain rule there is to find it out ;
Before an act you to another do,
Suppose it by another done to you—
Thou first great maxim that dost with thee draw
All moral equity, all nat'ral law ;
Not good alone thyself, engend'ring good,
Father alike of ev'ry Brotherhood ;
Thou parent duty whence all duties spring,
Thou brooding Virtue dost all Virtues bring ;
But chiefly Charity, to all prefer'd,
If not herself all virtues in one word.

Oh! CHARITY, thou moral "pearl of price"
That guard of Virtue, ransom art of Vice !
How to describe thy blessings, how define ?
First *mortal* attribute, nor last *divine* ;

Next to Himself in Providence's plan,
The nearest to a link 'twixt God and Man.
Thou'rt none of those base *Xagites* of Greece,
Internal passion with external ease ;
Those Graces as by Chesterfield ador'd,
Vice of a Man, if virtue of a Lord ;
Graces in ancient France that led the way
To the fell Furies of her modern day :
Thou'rt not that Heathen virtue of the Great,
Which wealth alone can in the rich create,
Wealth, that as chance, or choice, directs the purse,
A boon, or bane, a blessing, or a curse ;
If oft by worth to social want applied,
Oft too in selfish waste ingross'd by pride ;
If rarely now in gen'rous gifts enjoy'd,
In lux'ries, bribes, oppressions, now employ'd :
Profusely squander'd to corrupt a crowd,
Lavishly spent, or viciously bestow'd—
No such a spurious Charity we mean,
The vice, not virtue, of each specious scene ;
As in the lust of Jupiter we're told
Came down to Danae in a show'r of gold,
But truly as descending from above
THE CHRISTIAN GRACE OF UNIVERSAL LOVE.

Blessing most worthy of a Bard to sing,
A World to welcome, and a God to bring!
Yes, a God's Ordinance, a People's joy,
That nothing but a Demon would destroy:
All that in sense and feeling we desire,
In Writ we read—in HOWARD we admire!
Where is this CHARITY in France? that day
Thou lost thy FAITH and HOPE, it fled away—
Great Moral Trinity! so close combin'd,
No man shall sep'rate you whom God hath join'd.
Then, talk not, France, of Faith and Hope again,
Thy Faith is barren, and thy Hope is vain,
Since Charity is found not in their train. }
For all these lost, what hast Thou gain'd instead?
For Altars Monuments, and Stones for Bread;
A Demon of a Deity takes place,
A fictitious Goddess of a real Grace.
Thou Liberty! not as in Rome, or Greece,
Not as in Britain, Patroness of Peace;
But dealing forth destruction near and far,
Herald of Fate, and Harbinger of War:
Two fronts, like Janus, may we trace in thee,
This free from *good*, and that from *evil* free!
Ambiguous thus and partial as thou art,
Thou but to France now shewest thy worst part;

Not *free*, to aid the wretched, spare the brave,
Comfort the pious, or the virtuous save;
But *free* alone, dire Liberty! at will
To rob, burn, ravage, persecute and kill—
Yet France discard the Fury for the Grace,
Salute her virtuous, not her vicious, face;
Think what that real Idol was of thine,
Of which a Prostitute* was hail'd the sign;
Nor wonder that, polluted by her breath,
Vot'ries of Sin should victims be of Death!
Wretch! when you raise the Axe, direct the Pike,
Or point the poignard—think yet e'er you strike,
Think that suspended by as small a thread
The drawn sword hangs above thine impious head;
Think of Mankind—and, as you are a Man,
Pursue your bloody purpose if you can—
Go on—proscribe, and persecute, if you
Would be proscrib'd, and persecuted too!

But are not *We*, while *others* thus we call,
Ourselves the Bigots, Persecutors all?
We cannot farther answer for our parts
Than to consult our heads, obey our hearts;

* A ceremony literally performed in the Convention.

I feel my conscience, judge my reason clear,
 Think I am right, but know I am sincere—
 If they're sincere, as some of them may be,
 I pity them, while they may pity me—
 Not persecute—no Heretics I know,
 But ev'ry Persecutor hold my foe.
 How diff'rent e'er our *practices* are found,
 All real *principles* are equal own'd ;
 Above the dupe of rule, the slave of test,
 Is he who acts as he himself thinks best :
 Between first principles we can't decide,
 All beyond them not reason is, but pride ;
 Where diff'rent parties diff'rent ways pursue,
 Who is to judge them ?—neither I, nor you—
 Which of us to the other should give place ?
 We can't be judges where our own's the case ;
 All that we know, the contrast where so strong,
 Both in the right are not, nor both the wrong ;
 Though in the picture must be light and shade,
 A judge alone knows where they should be laid :
 Strive we the diff'rence 'twixt us to remove,
 Find who's is Nature's loathing, who's her love ;
 If to no Pow'r above we can appeal,
 Since to no Pow'r above, like us, they kneel ;

Though not in God, we may in Pray'r, agree,
I pray to Heav'n, pray they to Liberty,
Be this our joint petition day and night,
Convert the wrong of us, confirm the right!

END OF EPISTLE VII.

EPISTLE

A C O U M E N T

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EPISTLE VIII.

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CONCLUSION.

ARGUMENT.

Invocation to MATHESIS, as Knowledge personified—Description of
—Taste for, inculcated—Directions how to attain—From whom
—Literary Characters—Genius and Application joined—Conse-
quence of, exemplified in Peter the Great.

Knowledge secondary only to first Principles—Self-Knowledge easy
—Notwithstanding the Proverb against it—Proverbs, inconclu-
sive, contradictory—Exposed by being compared together—as
are other vulgar Errors—Illustrated by an Anecdote of Gamesters.
Men generally know themselves—Deceive others, oftener than them-
selves—Hypocrisy, or Affectation towards others mistaken for
Self-ignorance—Exemplified.

SPECIUS, a Dissembler—Modern Circles characterized.

SCOTO, a Pretender—His Connection with JOHNSON—All these
Characters Impostors—Illustrated.

Sciologists exposed—Anecdote—Appeal to Knowledge—Conclusion.

102

KNOWLEDGE.

EPISTLE VIII.

KNOWLEDGE OF THE MIND.

Jamjam efficaci do manus Scientiæ.

How.

THOU! Matheſis, inſtruct th' inſtructive Muſe

How to imbibe thy bleſſings, how diſſuſe—

Yet do I not with pride preſume to tell

All that thou art, but how doſt all excel—

In the Mind's ſoil to plant thy root but try,

Not follow all its branches to the ſky.

Who through thy ſphere of Sciences ſhall run,

The Rays of which the Senſes are the Sun?

Aſſiſt me, while I humbly ſtrive to trace,

Not to fill up, the outlines of thy face—

Perception and Reflection both combin'd,

Judgment confirm'd, and faculties refin'd;

Taste, talents, genius, properly applied,
Thought realiz'd, feeling exemplified ;
Nature improv'd by art, study intense,
Substantial wit, experimental sense ;
End of enquiries, of researches aim ;
The leader, not the follower, of Fame ;
Friend of Philosophers, of Sophists foe ;
Fraud's, falsehood's, fallacy's, severest blow ;
Solver of contests, finisher of strife ;
The death of scepticism, of faith the life ;
The concrete for the abstract, doubt remov'd,
Reason substantiated, Religion prov'd ;
Intuitive truth, demonstrative surmise—
Result of ears, nose, palate, hands, and eyes!

If in thy gen'ral pow'rs our praises fail,
How thy partic'lar efforts to detail !
Not taught enough to teach, I but aspire
To raise thy flame, and not to feed thy fire ;
Far be from me the vain attempt to trace
Thy depth immense, vast height, unbounded space !
I boast of no *Encyclopædial* art,
In all thy works instruction to impart ;
The wonder falls not to my humble share,
The Circle of the Sciences to square :

Be it the object of my mod'rate lays,
Though not to gratify the taste, to raise;
The regions, that I cannot reach, to shew;
To point the way, but not pretend to go;
To take the common nuisance from the road,
Prejudice clogging Reason's bright abode;
To clear the rubbish from th'encumber'd Mind,
That its own strength and others' it may find;
May use its senses freely as they rise,
Nor chain'd by force, nor captur'd by surprise;
May prove, that Glory of the head and heart!
Art led by Nature, Nature not by Art—
May drive its Tyrant, Prejudice, from thence.
And reinstate it's lawful Sov'reign, Sense.
Plain Reason has with *Physics* most to do,
—Has the best chance with *Metaphysics* too;
Bring but plain Reason's batt'ry once to bear,
And all its foes are scatter'd in the air;
While all the secret mines that Sophists spring
Harm to themselves, as oft as others, bring.
Reason's the Sun, at whose superior light
The falling stars of error lose their light,
Chiefly thy light, O France! thy furious fire,
The last discover'd, shall the first expire!

The work of wisdom who hath thus begun,
Already almost half that work hath done;
This point of true Philosophy who gains,
Hath sav'd himself a wond'rous deal of pains;
All he so gets he's truly said to earn,
And thus learns nothing for him to unlearn.
Seek not to find thy Nature on the shelf,
But look, it is not far, into thyself;
Thyself once known, what follows else is plain,
Who knows himself knows what he can attain.
With a free Mind at large thus shall we roam,
Like Bees our treasures from abroad bring home,
Like them from ev'ry copious field we meet,
Extract, and bear away, alone the sweet—
Cull true Philosophy from Newton's Stock,
Draw just Ideas of the Mind from Locke;
From Blackstone shall imbibe the love of Law,
Leave Pettifoggers to find out its flaw;
From Grotius all the Christian truths receive,
To specious Sceptics all its cavils leave;
From Gibbon, Hume, their Hist'ry shall select,
But all their spurious scepticism reject;
Look for Religion to what Scripture saith,
To Heav'n for Grace, to our own breast for Faith;

For Poetry, Wit, Genius, search ourselves,
 As these are no Inhabitants of Shelves;
 Nor Eloquence—say, Critics, what you chuse,
 But * Polyhymnia must be still a Muse;
 Whate'er have Aristotle, Cic'ro, said,
 As Poets, Orators are *born*, not bred—
 With Bacon all Learning's known paths explore,
 Thence like him to its unknown regions soar—
 Bacon who this grand principle prov'd true,
 That *partial* Genius may be *gen'ral* too,
 That he, by *Genius* who does one thing well,
 By *Study* may in ev'ry thing excel—
 For Nature to Linnæus fly, while Art
 And Science, Rees, from Chambers, shall impart;
 Go to th' Augustan age for ancient Lore—
 And modern is but ancient o'er and o'er;
 For Manners, Morals—Shakespear and St. Paul—
 But to the BOOK OF BOOKS for ALL IN ALL!

If Man on such a firm foundation build,
 With strength and grace the fabrick shall be fill'd;
 On his own ground, a native rock, he stands,
 Not rais'd, so not destroy'd, by other hands.

* Presiding over Eloquence.

Thus shall he gain, in fraud's and falsehood's spite,
All that is Beautiful, Sublime, and Right,
—Nay more, in faith, truth, reason, virtue, strong,
Not Priestley, Price, nor Paine, shall do him wrong.

Thus the Great Peter with orig'nal mind
Rose by his Country's barb'risin unconfin'd;
Relying on himself thus stood alone
By Genius, and by Labour, all his own—
Well did the artist then disdain to place
His Hero's statue on a vulgar base;
With more appropriate pride than on a Throne,
A pompous Pedestal, or sculptur'd Stone,
Beyond, Praxiteles, thy best-wrought block,
Rais'd the bold Image on the Nat'ral Rock.

These our first Principles, our Knowledge thence,
To know ourselves, the easiest use of sense;
In spite of all the learning of the shelves,
Those who know any thing, must know themselves;
Not all the Proverbs drawn from all the Schools,
From the first Sages, to the last of Fools,
From that Orac'lar, golden-letter'd line,
ΓΝΩΘΙ ΣΕΑΥΤΟΝ of Diana's shrine,
With humble industry deliver'd down
To ev'ry copy-book of ev'ry Town,

Pot-hooks and hangers awfully arrang'd,
In lines though twisted, yet in sense ne'er chang'd :
Not all old Men of Greece have e'er promulg'd,
Old women thence to children have divulg'd,
With all submission to this Proverb due,
Can make a Proverb, as a Proverb, true—
What is a Proverb? of as doubtful worth,
As of mysterious parentage, and birth ;
'Tis reason's outcast bastard, no one's son,
The public property of ev'ry one ;
No Literary Law in this maintains
Exclusive copy-right to any brains ;
A quaint conception, or a queer device,
A vulgar error, or a prejudice,
Some vile antithesis that witlings make
Not for the truth's but the expression's sake ;
Some chance alliteration, or half pun,
In sober sadness kept, in jest begun ;
A joke perhaps, as often bad as good,
First little meant, last little understood ;
Some dogma by the speaker scarce believ'd,
But by his hearers greedily receiv'd ;
A truth 'tis moral heresy to doubt,
omething we could as well have done without ;

'Tis any thing, or nothing, got with ease,
And us'd to any purpose that we please :
For ev'ry question, and for ev'ry side,
We find a proverb ready cut and dried—
For instance we've a proverb on the shelf
To prove Man does, or does not know himself—

ἴσως σεαυτοῦ is proclaim'd to shew

How difficult it is ourselves to know ;
While we've a counter-proverb nearer fact,
That " the Intention constitutes the act,"
Whence he, on motives conduct since depends,
Knows what he *is* who knows what he *intends* :
Thus fairly put " they say" against " they say,"
Proverb with proverb clashing both give way.

'Tis so with superstitions, follies, all,
One put against another both will fall—

Some Gamesters, all with superstition blest,
Quarrel'd whose superstition was the best.
That Fortune follow'd *places* still one swore,
Another that the *cards* she follow'd more ;
From these more nicely diff'ring, said a third,
Nor place, nor cards, but *chairs* that she prefer'd ;
A fourth thought *motion* had in luck its share,
Got up and mystically turn'd his chair—

A wager laid, wagers are Gamester's laws,
The arbitrator thus decides the cause;
Fortune is blind, and therefore she regards
Neither the chair, the motion, place, nor cards;
Let those who have the winning places, take
The loosing cards—which think you she'll forsake?
The Reason here's the same, in all as strong,
All can't be right, and therefore all are wrong.

Whate'er men seem, observe the world around,
Few truly ign'rant of themselves are found;
How many gain the false repute of sense;
Not judg'd from its possession, but pretence:
Men should be rated much like rivers, both
Prov'd to be shallow by their outward froth;
And like the stream that's scarcely seen to creep,
Calm because full, and silent because deep.
How many a conscious fool, dissembling ass,
With all, except themselves, for scholars pass;
Hope, as the owl's Minerva's fav'rite bird,
Fools though they are by Wits to be preferr'd;
By solemn speech, grave silence, downcast eyes,
Look, what they know they are not, wond'rous wise;
For int'rest, pride, or ostentation's sake,
Thus make the world, but not themselves, mistake;

Prepare the phrase they their impromptu call,
No sudden thought, nor their own thought at all;
By dint of mem'ry Geniuses they seem,
While repetition we invention deem,
For cat'ers take who are but cooks at best,
By whom the feast is not supply'd, but drest;
Who their guest's taste deceiving, not their own,
Make stale things chang'd for novelties go down:
Wits, that Joe Millar, as their own, will quote,
Sententious, that get sentences by rote;
The *want* of feeling by the *show* beguile,
Feign Love by sighs, and Friendship by a smile;
Students or Scholars, only by their gowns,
Judges by nods, and Critics but by frowns;
By whispers Statesmen seem, like Burleigh, sage,
Gay but by youth, and rev'rend but by age;
By noise sham jovial, merry by a jig,
Lawyers, Divines, Physicians, by a wig;
Laugh without pleasure, without satire sneer,
Make themselves wretched, happy to appear!

Observe that Blood, you'd think he loves a fray,
But feel his heart, he pants to run away;
With courage shakes—who doubts he is sincere?
Like Horses, Men from spirit shake, or fear.

—Two Bullies were there, blust'ring both, and loud,
Easily kept asunder by the crowd;
Each vow'd uplifted vengeance on his foe,
But one, afraid they'd let the other go,
Whisper'd his friend "he's getting loose you see,
Help to hold *him*—*one* very well holds *me*."
That Drunkard, boasting he's so fond of wine,
Drinks scarce two glasses if alone he dine;
That Rake by friends, and not by feelings, led,
Longs to sneak home, and go alone to bed.
In all these cases each but acts a part,
These have no Vice, no Virtue those at heart;
Their weakness we misconstrue for their will,
'Tis affectation all, of good, or ill:
When thus we're work'd upon by Knaves or Fools,
They're the artificers, and we the tools;
They are not, while dissembling thus, or thus,
Dupes to themselves, but Hypocrites to us;
Like the poor Daw bedeck'd in borrow'd plume,
Conscious they're not the creatures they assume,
Though long the counterfeits have current past,
Detected, scorn'd, and laugh'd at are at last.

SPECIUS, affecting all he does not know,
Appears a Wit to those themselves not so;

Through others' folly, to his own surprise,
Finds he has art enough to pass for wise;
Alternate Wit with Fools, and Fool with Wits,
Silent on Saturdays at Bankes's sits;
Is lost in inexpressible dumb-show,
Or talks to each of what each does not know—
Of Mathematics to Sir Joseph prates;
With Cavendish on Botany debates;
With Barrington on Log'rithms; with Mazeres
On Birds of passage, or on Russian bears;
With Pennant about Time-pieces and Clocks;
With Watson, Kangaroos and Turkey-cocks;
With Maskelyne on Crock'ry-ware, and Spars;
With Wedgwood on the Longitude and Stars;
To Dollond on the Nile, its source, discharges;
To Bruce on *magnifying pow'rs enlarges*;
With either Warton of the comet speaks,
With Hertchell of the *Ancients and the Greeks*.
To Blagden upon Birds and Beasts descants;
To Smith, or Shaw, on some inscription rants—
—But Lew'sham ventures not to take in hand,
So few things Lew'sham does not understand;
In whom of all to my experience known
Most Knowledge, Taste, Sense, Science join in one,

In whom, when Bankes shall leave with fame his Chair,
The world may look to find a worthy Heir.

Whate'er stray witticism of note he found,
If no one knew the owner, SPECIUS own'd;
Envious of ev'ry pun whose transient fame,
First from Joe Millar, last Joe J—k—I, came;
Striving of Selwyn's scraps to steal a bit,
(Selwyn, The Foundling Hospital of Wit,
Lord of the Manor of each stray conceit,
Not one, but ev'ry punster's counterfeit)—

Whate'er was ask'd, if no one else could tell,
But not unless, he knew the answer well:
Each witling's fav'rite, each Blue-Stocking's boast,
And would have been, if Ladies drank, their toast;
Frequented Montague's, convers'd with Moore,
But rarely seen at Burke's or Langton's door;
Paoli and Piozzi, oft between,
Seldom with Palmerston, or Beauclerk seen;
Mark him, in Fashion's brilliant circle shirk
The flights of Erskine, or the wit of Burke,
Malmesb'ry's sharp sallies, Gibbon's attic taste,
Mansfield's neat stories, somewhat run to waste;
Fitzpatrick's serious, Court'nay's hum'rous, air,
Quickness of Payne, and pleasantry of Hare;

Fastidious Cholmley's supercilious frowns,
(Cholmley, a Muse, but out of humour, owns)
Ellis's gentle, Jekyl's flippant, sense,
All Guilford's source of social eloquence;
See him at Sheridan's true satire sink,
From Storer's sarcasm, Barham's knowledge, shrink;
Wyndham's acuteness, Loughb'rough's keenness, shun,
And fly for refuge to some paltry pun;
Or puzzle Reynolds, and perplex his ear,
—Lucky for both that Reynolds could not hear!
Or ask of — — — in all his pride,
Some point of Scottish Peerage to decide—
Teach in return the Proud Peer if you can,
That pride like his was never made for Man,
Still less for *him*, if any pride's allow'd,
Who little has of which he should be proud—
From all these to the Ladies flies for aid,
Of some of them too just as much afraid;
Escap'd from one, to find another ill,
Tollemache, and Lindsays, to encounter still;
With many a brilliant, many a pow'ful Mind,
Such as might please e'en Woolstonecroft to find—
In what weak head could such a fancy dwell,
That Minds, like bodies, have their sex as well?

The charge of folly home to him is brought
Who thinks it, not to them of whom it's thought—
Thus on the Scylla of Man's sense not dash'd,
Of Woman's wit down the Charybdis wash'd:
At length with joy he hears all other tongues
Drown'd in the noise of sense-expelling Songs;
If all these fail, at once the whole evades,
And flies to Clubs and Diamonds, Hearts and Spades
—The four great Modern Monarchies that reign
O'er all the world—sprung too from Charlemagne
All the four former Monarchies of old
On Man together had not half the hold,
As these, the great that humble with the small,
Our second social fate—that levels all!

Thus, genuine Scholars, real Wits among,
Scoto has sense enough to hold his tongue;
The head-ach shams, is nervous, or oppress'd,
Or out of spirits, and retires to rest:
At most retails from Johnson what he heard,
In dull recitativo word for word:
A literary Parolles, with no wit,
His nose still thrusting in the way of it;
And, like that Hero, always, more or less,
Coming off worse for his fool-hardiness:

By foll'wing Johnson, as a Bear its Cub,
A Member of The Literary Club!
Ye Wits methinks you'd little else to do,
To let the Bear in, and his Leader too;
To say the truth, of this same furly Bear
Your whole* round-robin shew'd no little fear.
Bear-leaders know the risk of what they earn,
Against themselves that oft their Bears will turn:
Scoto at home plagued him so oft no doubt,
He ow'd him many a grudge when he got out;
But a rough way his fondness took to show,
And when he hugg'd his leader, squeez'd him too;
To Scoto, cruel clutches sure were his,
Judas, like thine, or France, thy *civic kiss*—
To-day, his friend and fav'rite proud to own,
To-morrow without mercy cuts him down:
Alternately thus fondled, and perplexed,
Dear B—z—y one day, and great blockhead next.
Scoto of Johnson's love was thus far sure,
Johnson a brother Wit could ne'er endure;

* When this Society of Wits wanted to censure Johnson's Epitaph on Goldsmith, to avoid the responsibility which none of them dared encounter, they took this *spirited* way of literally telling him a *round truth*.

Johnson too lov'd a toad, just such as he,
To laugh at, to abuse, and make his Tea.
Still amongst true Biographers his place,
Faithful recorder of his own disgrace;
How often made a dupe, how oft a tool,
When and where laugh'd at, and why call'd a fool,
With all the accuracy that belongs
To Shylock counting up Antonio's wrongs—
“ On such a day you call'd me dog, on such
You spit upon me, or almost as much;
You call'd me misbeliever, nay in spleen
Revil'd me for my Scottish gaberdine;
And, as I started up, insulting said,
“ Keep your posteriors quiet in your plaid,”
Still with a patient shrug I've borne your gibe,
For Patience is the badge of all our tribe!
For all these courtesies I thank you still,
And the Wit's humour gilds the Snarler's pill.”
Through Johnson's life for all that Scoto felt
An ample vengeance at his death he dealt;
With cruel care preserving bit by bit
All Johnson's weakness, but not half his wit—
The Scribler's pen worse than th' Assassin's knife,
This only takes away, that mars a life!

We cannot but admire all this address
To make our sense *seem* more, by *being* less;
This the true way our ign'rance to disguise,
The opposite, to shew, or make us, wise;
The road to Knowledge common sense demands—
Converse with each on what each understands;
To know, with these no object, but alone
By others to prevent their being known.
Think you *himself* that Specius did not know,
How high foe'er he seem'd, he felt how low;
Think you his own deceptions he believ'd,
No, only hop'd that others he deceiv'd;
No, he will tell you, if the truth he tell,
Others he knew not, but *himself* full well:
The worst of Conj'rors know the tricks they play
Better than any who those tricks survey;
When he talks Latin ill, quotes hist'ry wrong,
Or to the Grocers sings his own flat song,
From hence if Scoto you suspect, 'tis hard,
Of fancying he's a Scholar, or a Bard;
He knows full well the whole is merely cant,
But hopes his hearers won't find out his want;
Conscious of his own weakness, only tries
To make the world imagine he is wise,

Tries, Ostrich like, himself in vain to screen,
Hides his thick head, and thinks he is not seen.

How often specious Sciolists will boast,
Each without any science, which has most!
Two Friends, reputed Scholars both no doubt,
Which was the better Scholar once fell out—
One in the height of insolence indeed,
Betted the other could not say his Creed;
Hurt at the gross reflection he began—
“Our Father”—and through all the Lord’s Pray’r ran.
“Well, cried his friend, the wager you have won,
—More than I ever thought you could have done.”

Another having something to unfold,
The secret to his friend in *Latin* told:
Who, no great clerk, replied—“speak *English* pray,
In that d—d *French* I can’t tell what you say.”

By ign’rance thus, or artifice alone,
Men *knowing* seem, merely because *unknown*;
Who never Students were, for Scholars pass,
Assume the Ape in hopes to hide the Ass:
Dunces with all the jargon of the schools,
Rare mixture both at once of Knaves and Fools—

Sincerity's the only source of Sense,
The certain stoppage of its stream, Pretence.

In Nature thus objects ill understood
Pass oft erroneously for bad, or good :
Comets, but Planets of excentric course,
Make weak observers frighten'd at their force;
Struck with the terror of the fiery tail,
Its strange, portentous progress they bewail ;
While, since not strange, they pass unheeded by
The livid Lightnings of the summer Sky—
Inverting thus the causes of Alarm,
Fear where no real, not where real, Harm.

Knowledge! thine Hypocrites, Pretenders all,
Thy Fav'rites, Friends, and Follow'rs thus we call :
Oh! in our aid, in thy defence, impart
What thou art not, alas! and what thou art ;
Thy counterfeits, how current e'er, detect,
Restore thy real image to respect ;
Cast from thy sterling weight thy light alloy,
That we may *find* thy value, and *enjoy*—
Though thy whole *mine* thou open'st not to me,
Grant me this little *paper currency*—

And though, CARNARVON, these may ne'er, alas!
Letters of Credit with the Public pass;
Yet, by your favour, may I hope they'll go,
As private Notes acceptable to You.

END OF EPISTLE VIII.

1

ARGUMENT
EPISTLE IX.

A R G U M E N T.

General Recapitulation—Representation of the whole as a painting of the Mind by itself—Exhortation to aspire to the PERFECT MIND.

The Consequence of Perfection—Its Happiness here—Blessing hereafter—Health the general test of Virtue—Misery of Libertinism—Earthly Retribution—Appeal to the Duke of Orleans—Religion, and Virtue, constitute Human Perfection—Conclusion.

EPISTLE IX.

PERFECTION OF THE MIND.

'Tis thus the Mercury of Man is fix'd,
Strong grows the Virtue with his Nature mix'd.

POPE.

THE Race I fet myself at length thus run,
Return my Muse to where thou hast begun !
Look back into thyself, reflecting Mind !
The chief contingents of thy Course to find ;
And mounted on thy Pegasus survey
The turns, and tenour, of thy winding way.
—Or hast Thou all this time no progress made,
But in one spot flouncing and floundring, staid ;
Without proceeding only plung'd and pranc'd,
Adventur'd much indeed, but nought advanc'd ?
As other Racers, ended though the Race,
The Goal though gain'd, pursue awhile the pace,

Let me review the parts, comprize the whole,
And having reach'd, repass awhile, the goal :
Though with small hope to glut my eager eyes
With all the raptures of the well-earn'd prize,
Not to lament my labour wholly lost,
If to no gain, I trust, to little cost ;
If not to triumph in the Contest clos'd,
Yet (may I hope?) not in the Course expos'd.

Return my Mind ! from each partic'lar trait,
Thy whole contour together to convey ;
And from the partial portrait of the Man
The combination of his Kind to scan.

—Thy NATURE (first the Nature of the heart)
Nor blurr'd by artifice, nor grac'd by art,
Unknown as yet to failure, or increase,
Forms the clear Canvas for the prurient Piece ;
Whereon thou dost, with IMITATION, trace
The various figures that fill up the space,
Sit to thyself, as other Painters do,
While your own cunning hand thus copies *You*.

—Here with mild mien SUBORDINATION sinks,
With rev'rence bends, but not with meanness shrinks ;
Now to yon Altar, now yon Throne, she bows,
'To Earth her service gives, to Heav'n her vows ;

Not with the base dejection of the slave,
But firm though humble, and though gentle brave;
Serving, as faithful, hopeful Vot'ries do,
Who while they *downward* kneel, look *upward* too.

—There INFLUENCE mixes with the growing groupe,
To whom yon distant croud attentive stoop.

—Alone, aloof, there INDEPENDENCE stands,
Scorning to give, or to receive, commands;
From the back ground looks down upon the rest,
Nor pressing others, nor by others prest,
With folded arms, as to himself confin'd,
In deep soliloquy remains behind;

—Advancing slowly from yon dark recess,
The den of Vice, and dungeon of Distress,
As EDUCATION takes her docile way,
The living listen, e'en the dead obey;
With still-proceeding step, and look profound,
Points to those busts, and statues rang'd around;
With all the Tastes, the Graces, in her train,
Genius not lost, and Labour not in vain,
Virtue in all her PRINCIPLES confest,
KNOWLEDGE by all her Sciences exprest,
All by which Man is charm'd on Earth, in Heaven blest!

These are the *lights* the Picture that pervade,
The Vices interspers'd compose the *shade*:

—Hypocrisy that through her veil seems fair,
And Affectation with her flippant air;
Folly, whose bells her senseless noise express,
Whose long, lank cap denotes her emptiness;
Unruly Passions, Appetites uncheck'd,
The Morals by the Manners falsely deck'd—
All that bad habit, temper, time, and place
Constitute opposites to Christian Grace.

Now drop thy pencil, and survey thy scene,
These thy two Images to choose between;
Look on this Image now, and now on this,
Mis'ry diversified, concentrated Bliss!
Virtue and Vice in all their colours shine;
The choice, as strength, of Hercules be Thine!
Avoid the evil, seek the good, and find
The Bliss, the Blessing, of the PERFECT MIND;
And in your Nature's close, pure as its dawn,
Copy the Picture that your Art hath drawn.

The Mind thus form'd, these Principles instill'd,
This Knowledge gain'd, Man's purpose is fulfill'd.
Thus is he led to honour, wisdom, wealth,
To pleasure, fame, prosperity, and health—
Yes even health—Physicians do not stare,
The body as the soul, is Virtue's care;

'Tis her's, with more than Esculapian art,
To cure the seat of all disease, the heart ;
Yes she can minister to the Mind's disease,
Give to the wretched hope, the suff'ring ease,
Pluck out a rooted sorrow from the brain,
A Syrup, or a Perfume, hath for pain ;
A poppy, and Mandag'ra hath for grief,
A purg'tive Senna for the Mind's relief—
—What evil of the Mind, but may be cur'd,
By thee, Remorse, to Penitence matur'd !
Child, that of Vice and Virtue jointly sprung,
Hast from thy birth to Virtue only clung !
Strange though it seem, we mostly may aver
That Health is Virtue's best Barometer ;
Though many are there, of declining lives,
To whom disease, without debauch, arrives ;
Though many are there date their ills alone
From their forefathers' vices, not their own ;
Save these, save accident, infection, clime,
Chances of fate, and ravages of time—
Time, the most commonly of all suppos'd,
But rarest real, cause of this life clos'd—
Most, if the truth they know, and will confess,
Owe their own suff'rings to their own excess ;

To some acknowledg'd vice their ills must trace,
More to misconduct, than misfortune, place :
'Though many vicious boast awhile their strength,
The stoutest frame to vice must yield at length ;
Though the base profligate still sickness brave,
Nor shake with Palsy, nor with Fever rave ;
Though unreform'd, unhurt he still hold out,
With Stone untortur'd, or unrack'd with Gout ;
Thinks he for ever to escape the curse
That the worse life in vice, in pain's the worse ?
Looks he for what the virtuous only have,
To sink with ease and calmness to his grave ?
In death no less than life the diff'rence seen
'Twixt the calm Louis and the wild Custine ;
The Miscreant mark from his polluted source
Through all the wand'rings of his baleful course ;
Mark, from his first how chang'd his last career,
At first all daring, and at last all fear—
Or should his guilt be lasting as his breath,
He still must rue that something after death.
Thinks the vile wretch, because while thunders found,
He is not cast a corse upon the ground,
He still shall 'scape the just avenger's rod,
Still with impunity insult his God ?

No, Orleans! soon or late e'en Thou shalt find
Vengeance proportion'd even to thy Mind :
Destin'd to find, and feel, alas ! too late,
Vice punish'd, Virtue recompenc'd, by fate,
If in the midst of blood a voice may come
Home to thy feelings, to thy conscience home,
Say hast thou no sensation yet within
Makes thee lament thy vice, repent thy sin ?
At least when destin'd to the sure though late
Horrible warnings of thy timely fate—
If thou can'st hope a timely fate to have,
Who'st sent such crowds to their untimely grave,
But by some private hand thy foes of all,
Or on some public scaffold, sure thou'lt fall—
If yet from such just vengeance thou canst fly,
By no Assassin, or no Hangman die ;
At least, when stretch'd upon that fatal bed
Whence all deceit and all deception's fled ;
When thy first honest, is thy latest, breath,
And all life's dreams sink in the sleep of death,
Be it thy latest proof of latest sense,
To say if then thou feel'st no penitence ;
Though nothing then may serve *thyself* to bless,
Yet do the world this service, to confess ;

Be not this lesson then the world denied
Whether you feel you died as Louis died;
And when thy speech shall fail, O! wave thy hand,
That we thy heart's last pulse may understand;
Whether ease, resignation, hope, be there;
Or pain, remorse, compunction, and despair.
Then doom'd, how diff'rent e'er thy thought now be,
To feel there is a Heav'n—and not for thee—
Like Beaufort ask'd if hope of Heav'n be thine,
Like him, I fear, thou'lt die, and make no sign.

VIRTUE not only in thyself thou best
Of blessings, but including all the rest!
VIRTUE, the Moralist's continual text,
To *this* world what RELIGION's to the *next*!
O! matchless match! by Heav'n in Man combin'd,
Let not Man sep'rate you whom God hath join'd!
Atlas, and Hercules, your loads lay down,
RELIGION, VIRTUE, your superiors own;
Upholding scarce one World between you, yield
To these who still two Worlds at pleasure wield.—

At length in earnest, HERBERT, now adieu!
No more with parting falsely flatt'ring you,
Not like a Lot long going, going on,
To the last bidder seeming never gone;

Or an unwelcome guest to whom in vain
We bid adieu, to bid adieu again;
But, what the honest vulgar fondly call,
HERBERT, good bye to you, for good and all—
Yet with a friend, as HERBERT, of our heart,
We oft take leave but still are loth to part;
Since not returning, let me then receive
At least these few words more in taking leave.

From you as much of my Ideas come,
Thus of my own to you I offer some;
Thou art my Bolingbroke, without the hope
That I can be in any sort thy Pope;
They are not brilliant, elegant, or fine,
But, what's as rare with Authors, they are *mine*.
A Wag a coarse truth utt'ring on a time,
Out of rhyme answ'ring to a lie in rhyme,
Said "I am the better Poet of the two,
It may be out of rhyme, but it is true"—
So, to your favour, they've this claim alone,
I think them true, and know they are my own.
I have in this Address no sordid end,
I want in you no Patron, but a Friend;
Fortune a Patron gave me, such as you,
In turn that Patron gave me Fortune too,

And as I could not, do not want to find
Another Patron so much to my mind;
A Man in whom the rarer virtues blend,
Of all in one Companion, Patron, Friend;
Next to my lov'd, and loving, children, wife,
The benefit and blessing of my life—
If friendship, favour, service, worth, be own'd,
In *him* a worthy Patron have I found;
If gratitude, affection, virtues, be,
No worthless client hath he found in *me*!
To Thee can I dissemble what the views
That urg'd me thus to woo th' unwilling Muse?
Op'ning to Thee my heart, those views have been,
To do some service, and to have it seen;
“*Esse, et videri*” are I own my aim,
A little merit, and a little fame—
Be this my motto, not usurp'd alone,
By Cambridge giv'n me 'tis of right my own—
And now, my Lord, farewell, a long farewell,
Whether *for ever*, time, and chance must tell!



E R R A T A

Page 1	For an error and	1
Page 2	After which insert a full stop	2
Page 3	For "Katharine" read "Katherine"	3
Page 4	At the end of the line	4
Page 5	For "A. G. Smith" on a separate line read "A. G. Smith"	5
Page 6	Bookings	6
Page 7	For "I will read well"	7
Page 8	For "the house" read "my house"	8
Page 9	For "the house" read "my house"	9
Page 10	For "the house" read "my house"	10
Page 11	For "the house" read "my house"	11
Page 12	For "the house" read "my house"	12
Page 13	For "the house" read "my house"	13
Page 14	For "the house" read "my house"	14
Page 15	For "the house" read "my house"	15
Page 16	For "the house" read "my house"	16
Page 17	For "the house" read "my house"	17
Page 18	For "the house" read "my house"	18
Page 19	For "the house" read "my house"	19
Page 20	For "the house" read "my house"	20



E R R A T A.

Page 3, Line 3, *for an read and.*

6, after wrath insert a full stop.

6, 3, *for Anfidus read Aufidus.*

28, 24, *insert I in the beginning of the line.*

43, 9, *for A Galileo on a sphere read On a whole System Ptolemy.*

54, 2, *for will read well.*

60, 9, *for from their read may from.*

62, 12, *for phantasy read fantasy.*

75, 6, *for fought read fought.*

76 16, *for some from read from some.*

117, 14, *for him read them.*

123, in Motto, *for aatum read datum.*

for fumus read fumis.

177, 23, *for Instructions read Instruction's.*

for heavnly read heavenly.

178, 19, *for wor read worse.*

22, *for It read If.*



